Izaak Walton League Monthly

Defender of Americas Out-of-Doors

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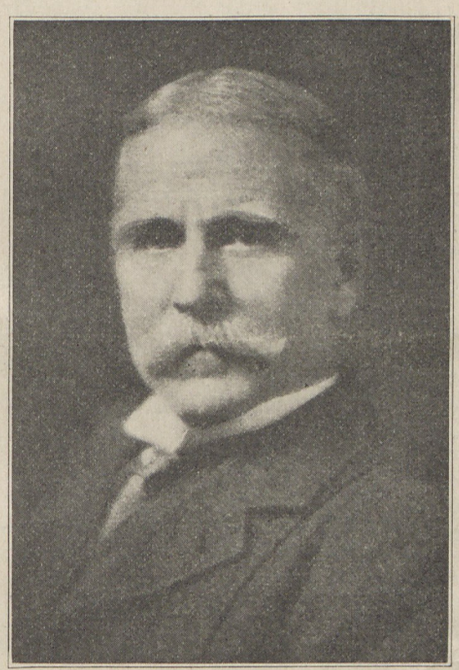
Volume I — OCTOBER, 1922 — Number 3

Good Will, Common Sense, and Wise Laws

By HENRY VAN DYKE

THESE are the three safeguards on which we must rely for the conservation of the natural resources of our country, including its game and fish. I name them in the order of their real importance and power. But in practice this order is often reversed. It seems necessary to have some kind of restrictive laws just because common-sense and good-will are lacking. In this case the laws are sometimes far from wise. Even when by chance they are good enough in themselves, they do little good in effect, because they are carried out foolishly, unfairly, or not at all, **having no public spirit back of them.**



The aim of the Izaak Walton League of America, as I understand it, is to promote the efficient cooperation of Good-will, Common-sense, and Wise Laws by an appeal to the honest anglers,—the men and women who delight in the sport of fishing,—in all parts of these States. The numbers of this tribe are great and yearly growing. But their influence is **nil,** unless they can get together in thought and purpose to withstand the inroads of commercial greed and political recklessness by which our once rich inheritance of sport in woods and waters has been reduced to a remnant. Undoubtedly this impoverishment must be checked, or we shall soon have a country in which there will be no hunting except for English sparrows and starlings, and no fishing except for catfish and eels. Such a land might be wealthy; it might even be called virtuous, from a pedantic, puritanic standpoint; **but would it be really happy or truly good to live in?**

Legal restrictions and regulations of fishing are made necessary by the growth of population, the decrease of pure flowing waters, the greater demand of the cities for food-fish, and the increasing number of amateur, and not always sportsman-like, "sportsmen." The thing to be desired is that the laws in regard to closed seasons, limited catches, and so on, should be made not in the interest of individuals or commercial houses, but of all who love to go a-fishing and wish to have our fine native game-fish saved from extinction. These laws therefore must differ for different regions and for different species of fish, just because the spawning seasons are not the same, and the streams and lakes have different qualities and capacities. This is a subject which should be studied by experts. Intelligence is valuable even in legislation. Pollution of rivers and brooks, destruction of fish by dynamite or poison, and the taking of fish at unlawful seasons or by prohibited means, **should be punished as crimes against the people.**

Not long ago I wrote an article on "Nature and the New Campers," describing the increased love of out-door life and sport in America as a real gain which carries with it some real dangers. The automobile brings a new peril to the trout, the bass, and the muscallonge. I have no doubt that in the National Parks it will soon be found wise to restrict even the use of rod and line to certain methods of angling. For example, in the Yellowstone most of the streams, (perhaps all,) should be reserved for fly-fishing, which gives more sport to the angler and a better chance to the fish. The bait fisherman and the troller would find abundant opportunity in the lakes.

But we shall certainly fail in the effort to conserve the natural beauties and the sporting resources of America if we rely only or chiefly upon laws. Goodness of any kind, including good sportsmanship, is not achieved by legislation. It is a fruit of the spirit. It comes by inspiration, contact, education,—first to the individual, then to the public. Before the laws are made we need common-sense to mould them. After they are made we need good-will to obey and apply them. By good-will I mean the neighborly spirit of fair-play in all things. This is the Waltonian idea. I think if Father Izaak could now "revisit the glimpses of the moon" in this new world, he would be happily surprised to find a "League" for this object bearing his name, and heartily glad to join the company. Perhaps he might say to us, in his quaint old-fashioned way: **Trust me, scholars, the gentle sport of Angling shall be safe in your country for many a year, if every man among you will but learn to love his neighbor's fishing as his own.**

Henry van Dyke

"Sylvanora,"
September 16, 1922.

Izaak Walton League Monthly

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

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My Great Day

By
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AS I first knew Indian River it was a narrow, winding, shaded water-way, six miles of unalloyed delight and beauty, no place else to compare with it. On the map it lies near the Straits of Mackinac and connects Mullet and Burt Lakes. There was charm in the shadowy depths of that dark, marshy, old Northern forest, in the rushy, moss covered swamp, in the swiftly flowing water, and the clear, cool air, perfumed with dank odors and the resin of pines. Forests of spruce, cedar, pine and birch locked branches across the little river; the swamp on either hand was scarlet with fox-fire, while curious ferns, mosses and lilies lined the channel. Perfect little cedars, not a foot in height were growing anywhere from one to ten feet above the surface of the marsh, on the trunks of decaying monsters of their kind, that had seen their time, died and lodged at every conceivable angle, in the thickness of the forest in falling. In places the river narrowed until we dodged branches as the boat swept past, and again it widened until the deep, dark pools were lost to sight, in the dim, lichen covered, moss grown recesses of the forest of unfamiliar trees and bushes, where graceful deer came to browse and drink and clumsy bear to eat the berries, fish in the shallow pools and play havoc with the housekeeping of muskrat and beaver. Fancy peopled these spots with dusky painted faces and one could almost hear the water dripping paddle-blades and the twang of the bow-string.

Where the sunshine found an interstice it picked out diamond, emerald and ruby in the glittering bits of quartz that boiled up in the white sand of the river bed with the swiftly flowing current. Green and gold dragon flies with crisp, transparent wings, swayed on the grasses; blue wasps and yellow hornets buzzed past to their conical homes of lint and lichen and overfed, pollen dusted bees hummed by, honey laden.

Like wind-driven thistle down, all through the marsh, forest and about us down the river, now rocking on a sunbeam, now resting on a shadow, now fluttering in aimless flight, were great, golden brown velvet butterflies. Fat flycatchers tumbled through the air, in an insane effort to follow three bugs at once and plump breasted snipe, with sharp dainty bills, tilted stilt-legged along decayed logs and probed the mosses for worms.

King-fishers with the clear cry of freedom in their throats and the purple of royalty on their wings, zig-zagged down the river in front of us and wild ducks drummed the air as they rose on startled wing. Bass, pickerel, mullet and occasionally a sturgeon from the great lakes, shot to and fro affrighted by the boat; muskrats swam for dear life, leaving a train of shining ripples in their wake, turtles drew in their heads and waddled off the logs clumsily, and frogs took graceful flying leaps for the oozy marsh bed, there, feeling secure they drummed in loud defiance. Trout streams came leaping and dashing through the woods and under brush and at the mouth of the little Sturgeon, the black marsh muck was churned into innumerable sharp small prints by the feet of many a graceful fawn and many a noble stag that came down to drink of the clear, cold river water. Coiled on stacks of drying rushes recently thrown up by a dredge used to clear the channel, were big rattlers, blue racers and black snakes and the men of the party peppered away at them with their revolvers.

In the length of the river were several hunting cabins, the most delightful outing places imaginable, built of logs, with stumps for foundations, the walls inside and out covered with guns and rods, bear and deer skins, fish heads, bird wings and every variety of trophy of forest and stream. Boats were tied up at the verandas, for to step off was to go in over head, and eager deer hound, pointer and setter paced to and fro, whining for the chase.

We fished Indian River from end to end with all the luck one could desire and there was one glad, golden day; rich with experience and pleasure, one perfect day, all my own, the best outing day of my life. The Deacon went out and trolling down the river before breakfast, took what he called a pickerel, but it must have been a hoo-doo, for try as he might, not another fish could he land that day. We started immediately after breakfast, the weather was perfect, "One of those Heavenly days that cannot die," and before we had gone a mile I had pulled in a fine pickerel and drifted down on a pair of ducks and had the opportunity to secure a good picture.

A few miles further on, just above muskrat landing, came a great piece of luck. A group of four snipe, on the log chain that held back the marsh, light fleecy clouds above them, green rushes behind, rippling water in the fore ground and a strong hazy sunlight off back of us. I took off my hat, set a camera on the end of the boat, lay down beside it and we drifted down on them. I made one exposure, and a second just as they rose in flight. They alighted only a few rods further down and a second time we drifted toward them. That time they stood close together, grouped as prettily as one could have placed mounted birds and I took them once. quivering with excitement, and yet again as close as they were in focus and then the Deacon softly lifted the oars and we rowed away and left them there, **while the joy in our hearts was a high and holy thing,** compared with the feeling any hunter ever could have had over the crack of a shot-gun and the gathering up of four mangled, bleeding little bodies.

We went on to the end of the river, through the old bridge, out across Mullet Lake and landed in the mighty birch forest back of Pikes, where we spent several hours, and the injunction to expose for the shadows had to be held in mind.

Just beyond the old bridge on the return I landed two fine pickerel and when we pulled up at muskrat landing, where the Deacon announced that he was going to stop long enough to land a thirty pound muscalonge that had been seen there the day before, I turned in the boat to see if a patent minnow with which I had been trolling was coming up free from weeds and there, trailing in after it, not eight feet from the boat were three bass ranging from a little one of two to an old stager of six.

"Deacon!" I cried, "Can you see them? Oh! what shall I do?" and I began lowering the patent minnow among them.

HERE is a tremendous black bass story from the incomparable pen of Gene Stratton-Porter.

The story, in its lovely colorfulness and tingling with a gladsome, sparkling jauntiness, is not unlike those royal tinted kingfishers of which Mrs. Porter speaks.

This is a fish story written by a woman who has a God-given knowledge and love of all outdoors and who **LOVES TO FISH.**

"Pull that minnow out," ordered the Deacon as he handed me my casting rod that lay baited with a live frog beside me; "Lower that frog among them and don't try to take their pictures!"

I took the rod in my left hand and lowered the frog with my right. The smallest bass came up at a graceful curve and swallowed the bait at three gulps. I let it run only forty feet and then rounded it up with a sharp set and reeled it in and the Deacon, waiting with the net landed it. The frog was somewhat dilapidated but I was in a hurry and I lowered it a second time. Then old father Christmas darted from under the dock and caught the frog in the middle. I let him run a good sixty feet and then set him and worked him in just as fast as I could for I was in a hurry and there was not time to play. The Deacon scooped him up and had a fresh frog ready and I sat there and manipulated it with my fingers and the third fish took it and I landed it also.

Indian River Plover

It is nothing unusual to see your fish bite on Indian River or to see half a dozen varieties sail past your boat all the way from a sunfish to a ten pound pickerel or a big sturgeon or mullet, but this was at so much closer range than I had ever taken a fish before that I can only account for it on the supposition that they could not see us for the dock beside which we lay.

I had frequently seen fish take the bait on Indian River before but this made me a record of three good bass, every one of which I had fed the bait with my fingers, as it were, and had seen start on its run. Inside the following two hours I took two more good ones and then we started for the Village. **It was my day,** I was intensely delighted with the opportunities I had had for pictures, I had three good pickerel and five splendid bass and if that doesn't make a fine, large, rosy tinted outing day, what does?

The Deacon stopped and tied up the boat along a corduroy dock a mile or two above the village and although he said nothing, he climbed on the dock and he fished as if fishing were serious business. I sat on the end of the boat and watched a pitched battle between a kingfisher and a raven over a rock bass some one had thrown on the bank. I thought at first the kingfisher would win out but the raven was reinforced by its mate, the very largest specimen of its kind that I had ever seen and that settled it; the kingfisher lost a tuft of his royal crest and fled for safety and the ravens tore up the fish and carried it to the top of a charred pine where four young ones waited the outcome of the fight, open-mouthed and crying.

At last from sheer distaste for idleness, I took up my precious little lance-wood rod and began making lazy casts thirty and forty feet up the river, letting the current carry the bait past the boat and down the river the length of the line, then reeling in slowly and casting again. Presently I had a good rushing strike away up the river, but this time I could not see what I was doing and I failed to hook the fish. I cast a second time with the same result and yet a third with very little hope and got such a strike as very nearly jerked the rod from my hands and despite the drag, the reel hummed like a buzzsaw.

It seemed to me scarcely fair. I had caught all the fish I really cared to take for one day; I had made a record sufficient to satisfy anyone and there was the Deacon walking that dock and working like a deck hand to take just one decent fish before we went back to the village. We had been casting over the same water, with practically the same tackle and bait and there was my reel playing a tune that promised to be the prelude to the fish fight of a lifetime and the Deacon reeling in to be out of my way. It was manifestly so unfair that I entered the fight with very little enthusiasm. When my line ran low on the reel, I thought it time to take in a little as I did not want a stripped reel. It was then that my blood began to warm lightly for I gave my fish a nasty set and made an effort to ply the reel and it was an effort only, for he jerked the crank from my fingers, stripped the reel and cut such monkey-shines away off up the river that I could barely hang on to the rod, while all the line I could recover was when he made a dash my way. When he turned back up the river he jerked the crank from my fingers and stripped the reel repeatedly. The Deacon climbed into the boat and came and stood behind me with the net.

There was a time a few years gone, when I would have asked him to take the rod; latterly I had fought my own battles and since coming to the river I had taken three good fish to his one, so I could not see why **I should turn over the battle of a lifetime to him merely because he was a man.**

"Can't you keep that crank in your fingers?" he queried.

"No, I cannot, or I would," I replied half provoked, for I knew fish a little bit and mine were hands that could row a boat an upstream pull of miles, and wrists that could manage a spirited team and here I was letting a fish play horse, yes, worse than any horse had ever played with me. For fifteen minutes I worked, the fish stripping the reel with no restraint except the drag and I recovering what line I could when he came my way. Gradually a desire to win was warming my blood and quickening my pulses.

Then in a flash something went to my head like wine and I knelt up on the boat seat, clinched my rod and with set muscles began an effort to reel in and all because, away off in the distance a faint spiral cloud crept skyward and the soft murmur of harps, not so loud as the current lapping against the boat came to my ear. The afternoon boat was coming!

She would pass in less than fifteen feet of me, loaded with from one to three hundred summer tourists, and the Captain, Purser, crew and musicians all knew us, and every day were watching for us and would greet us with the fisherman's salutation of old; **"What luck?"** The passengers never failed to unite in a chorus **"Show your fish!"** It was the unwritten law of the river that he who failed to respond to that call was a boor and a churl and worthy of the hoots and cat-calls he got. Day after day the Deacon or I rose and lifted our catch, whether it was light or heavy, while the jolly tourists laughed and applauded and cameras clicked like bullets in a battle and it was all right. It costs no more to greet three hundred of your fellow-citizens with a smiling face and grant a reasonable request than to show an ugly disposition, and as for being photographed promiscuously, I never failed to place the boat where the light would fall directly on the lens of any camera

turned on it, so that was all right too. The boat was coming!

I would execute a coup d'etat, I would land that hardened veteran of the bass family, just as the boat passed. I would show what fishing on Indian River was! If the Deacon wanted to add to the effect by holding up the heavy catch, he could, but I would land the fish; so I endeavored to work him to that end, while the harps throbbed louder and the jarring of the engines was added to the sounds up stream.

The same idea struck the Deacon. "Now here is your chance," he said, "Keep him deep and get ready to reel. The boat will drive him right down to you and you can land him for the entertainment of the passengers." It happened that way up to a point. The steamer did drive the fish and I reeled for dear life. The Deacon, net in hand, leaned far out.

The day was fine, there was as large a crowd as I ever had seen on the boat. People went wild with excitement. Fifty men yelled advice and the women shouted and waved.

"She'll never land it!" "No woman has the wrist to land a fish like that!" "Why don't the man take it?" yelled the men.

And the women; "Yes she can land it!" **"You think it takes a man to do any big thing!"** "Why there it is!" "You can see it!"

The poor fish was between two fires and still in the water; the boat churning on one side, I trying with all my might to swing him in reach of the Deacon's outstretched net on the other.

Making one last effort, he sprang clear of the water, doubled and with a back action jerk he smashed that terribly tried reel and ripped it from the saddle. Crack! went my precious little thirty-five dollar lance wood rod and away up Indian River went my bass, while I hung on to the wreck and with shaking fingers caught at the spinning line. My theatrical effect did not work. The applause failed. My audience groaned one mighty groan in concert. One excitable little man, whom I shall see in my mind to the day of my death, danced wildly, his hat in one hand, mopping his beady brow with the other and almost crazed with nervousness shouted; "Reel's busted—rod's smashed—fish gone—**I told you so!** Why didn't she let the MAN take it?"

The reel was torn in pieces, the rod, broken in three sections, lay at my feet but the line was in my fingers and my fish was NOT gone. With the crack of my little lancewood rod, fight stirred my blood. I grew steady and cool, my heart stopped hammering and my muscles set, but each separate hair of my head stuck my scalp like an electric needle. I was possessed with one flash of the spirit that quickens the soul of a warrior or sportsman as he stakes his life for his quarry and I knew in my soul that I would land that fish if I went to the bottom of Indian River after it. Overhand I grimly hauled him in.

Twenty feet from the boat he tried a break, but he was not dealing with a reel. Then he used his last resort. Rushing straight at me a yard, he dashed sidewise into the logs of the corduroy dock built from the river bed up. The line drew tense and, try as I might, I could not budge it.

"Unchain the boat and back it up until I say stop, then hold it firm," I ordered the Deacon, and again I hauled in line.

The bass had entered the logs three feet under water, I could see half of him. There was a good bit of lead on the line to add weight in casting and to hold down the bait in the stiff current, the line was drawn through a crack in a log end and the sinker was firmly wedged into it. Here was another beauty of Indian River made manifest. Any place else I could not have seen the trouble and might have pulled on the line until I broke it and so lost my fish after all.

"Steady now," I commanded the Deacon and then I made the plunge, head first. In a flash the lead was out, one gentle pull with my right, and the fingers of my left entered the bass's gills and my thumb curled into his jaw. I came up dripping but triumphant. I stood on the seat and with both hands held that fish high above my head, **and the yell that I emitted would have given the Comanches pointers for a new war-cry.** One second I thought the boat had gone too far to see me, the next the whole steamer broke out in white, waving handkerchiefs and hats, the whistle blew, cheers sounded distinctly and just as they went from sight came trailing back to us the strains of "Glory Hallelujah."

I sat down suddenly, dripping and panting, holding my fish in both hands and grinned at the Deacon.

After all the big ones don't all get away.

For I held in my hands the fish of my life, the gamiest bass I had ever seen, with glistening back, shining sides, cavernous mouth and it was a golden, glorious, rosy-tinted day, the best outing day of my life!

And the Deacon. He laughed and laughed and held his sides and roared. "Only to think," he groaned, "what a man could save if he knew. I spent fifty dollars laying around Petoskey a couple of days last week, waiting to go to a show, and here I've had a show, the biggest circus of my life and not a cent to pay."

"Oh! do you think so?" I retorted with as much dignity as a sopping wet individual may assume, "what was it you paid for that rod and reel?"

"Gee!" said the Deacon, "I didn't think of that!"

In the November Issue

GENE STRATTON-PORTER will have an awakening editorial.

Sea Angling

Edited by ZANE GREY
World's Most Famed Sea Angler

The Inshore Problem

By FRANK L. STICK
Atlantic Coast Correspondent for Zane Grey

FOR the last half dozen years some of our very best, morally speaking, anglers, have bemoaned the fact that the bluefish and the striped bass, once so plentiful along the Atlantic seaboard, have gone, as they poetically put it, the way of the bison and the dodo. They have sat around the fishing club piazzas and have recounted in gloomy tones the glory of the past, "when a feller could go down to the beach most any time, and with a hand line and a wooden squid, snag a mess of fish in an hour or so." Some days, when the weather is particularly alluring, these old, more or less salts, venture as far as the board walk, where they stand and chaw and spit, and gaze hopelessly seaward. And the sight of them at such times has been known to cause the breasts of strong men to heave with racking sobs.

One thing about 'em, and you have to give them credit for it, they certainly have all the dope on this scarcity of blues and stripers. There are several reasons, if you let them tell it. It's those darned pound nets, the trawlers, pollution, bunker fishermen, small meshes, the taking of snapping mackerel, and some of the best informed among them come right out and put the whole blame on the Democratic party.

The above inspired paragraphs were written a year ago, and were intended to open a spirited plea for the protection of migratory fish. Yet, even as my fingers hovered over the keys, and my keen, analytical brain was formulating a smashing impeachment here came my fishing pardner to inform me that they were catching blues to beat the band at the inlet. The article as planned, has never been completed. I am afraid it will never be completed, for since that August day those among us who have the energy to swing a two handed surf rod, have caught a lot of blues, not as many as in the "good old days," perhaps, but fifty to a hundred pounds to a tide sometimes.

THE continued absence of Zane Grey, the famous editor of our Sea Angling department, somewhere far off in the heart of Canada's wildest regions, precludes our getting anything from him this month; as much as we deplore not receiving his copy, we can but rejoice that a brother fisherman is off on a glorious fishing trip.

Mr. Frank L. Stick, Zane Grey's eastern correspondent for "Sea Angling," is nationally known as a sea angler; also as a writer and painter of the sea. His beautiful illustrations for "The Call of The Surf" by Mr. Stick and that other famed sea angler, Van Campen Heilner, make the book a treasure.

Now I am aware that this last statement will cause more than one fresh water angler to brand us as fish slaughterers. All right. If you intend bringing to this salt water problem, what Bob Corson calls, a fresh water mind, I don't intend to play. Those among us who go down to the well known vasty deep for our sport have our problems, and don't you forget it, but they are absolutely unique and distinct from the problems that confront the fresh water angler, and they must be approached with a brand new point of view.

The trouble is, what remedies have been advocated, and what legislation has been attempted in the past, has been based on misinformation. Legislation we need, of course, but it must have solid facts behind it, and facts are something we eastern sea anglers woefully lack.

Within the past five years various organizations, sportsman's periodicals, and individuals have attempted to pass certain laws with the object of bettering inshore fishing conditions, in the east, yet not in a single instance, to my knowledge, were the attempts successful. In each case, defeat was assured. Not as has been claimed, because of the lobbying of representatives of the Commercial Fisheries, if such a body exists, but because, without exception a drastic change in commercial fishing methods was asked for, and the demand was backed up only by theory.

I have mentioned bluefish and striped bass, two of our most important game fish. One a migratory fish, whose visits to our shores are sporadic, and entirely under control of natural conditions of which we have as little knowledge as of the fish itself. The other an anadromous fish, breeding in fresh or brackish water which has been successfully propagated, and introduced to foreign waters. The bluefish, in the estimation of many, the hardest fighting fish that swims, is a visitant from far countries. For a year or two, or even for a dozen years he may arrive each season in vast schools, and stay with us till early winter. Then he disappears, and for years, perhaps, with the exception of an odd fish or two, he exists only in our memories. There was, early in the last century, a space of some twenty years, following several seasons of abundance, when the bluefish was entirely unknown, and he was generally conceded to be an extinct species. Then came a year when the schools of blues reached from the coast of Maine to Hatteras, and the markets were flooded.

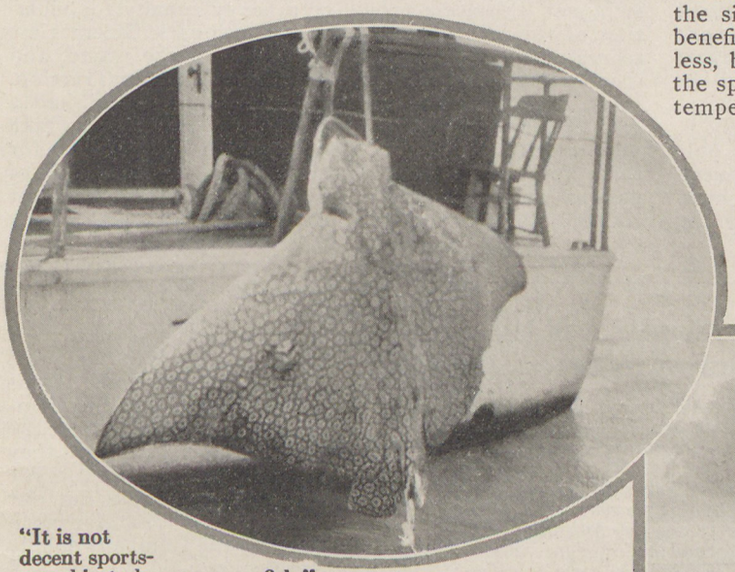
The blue is a rough and ready fighter; as active a fish as I have ever caught on hook and line, but he is a rapacious rascal, as well, and probably more destructive to other fishes, than any creature which inhabits the sea. A school of bluefish will cut through a shoal of menhaden or weakfish with chopping jaws, leaving the water thickly strewn with the remains of their quarry, and then turn round and do it all over again. I have heard it said, and I do not dispute it, that he will, following the custom in vogue among ancient Romans, disgorge the contents of his stomach, in order to make room for more. A school of bluefish may contain a thousand, ten thousand mature fishes, and each one of these animated chopping machines will destroy more fish in a year, than the average angler will bring to beach in twice that time. Knowing these facts, still I do not maintain that the bluefish may not be necessary to the scheme of things. I have seen the gulls wheeling and swooping after the remnants of a bluefish banquet, and I do not know how many creatures of the deep are dependent upon his bounty. I do know, however, that nothing is wasted in the ocean. I know that here is working a marvelous system, whereby the average of life is maintained, and I know, moreover, that while man has in certain instances, and in certain localities, disrupted this system to his own loss, that nature will in the long run assert her control, and restore the average, if given half a chance. And it is this half a chance, that we must fight for.

There has been much foolish talk, here in the east, concerning the extermination of pelagic fishes. Sob sister writers, and misguided editors have discoursed tearfully of bygone days, and the empty years that lay before us, when the weakfish and the blues, and the tasty and nutritious shedder crab shall have gone the

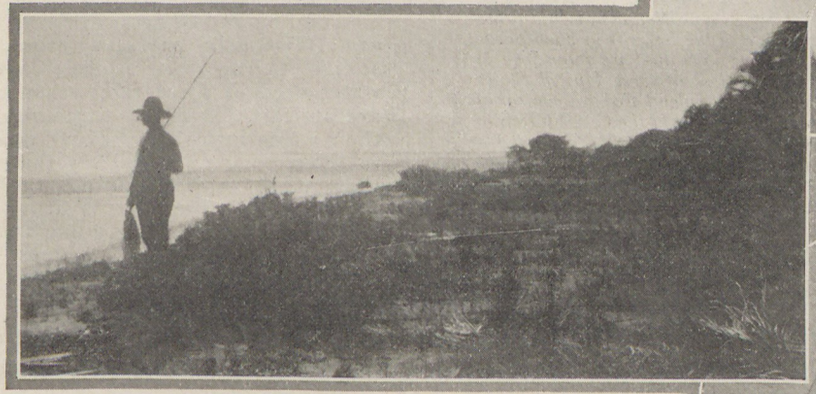
way of the bison and the dodo. As well talk of exterminating the Jersey mosquito with butterfly nets, as to hint at the possibility of mere man, making extinct a single pelagic specie. Aye, foolish and idle talk, this, and foolish arguments to bring before a committee of scientific, thinking men, who have made oceanographic problems their life work.

We do need laws for the betterment of our inshore fishing. **Laws which will eliminate pollution** from oil burning steamers, and pollution from rivers that dump their waste into tidal waters, but these laws will never be passed until we can come before our legislative bodies with solid, irrefutable facts to sustain our arguments.

We have damned the commercial fisherman, and where-



"It is not decent sportsmanship to harpoon any fish."



"Who fishes for sport."

fore? He has always been a part of the scheme of civilization. He has existed since long before Peter and Andrew, and he will continue with us long after our children's children have departed. His policy is frequently short sighted, and he may consider more the fish in the hand than the school that swims free. Yet he knows that his livelihood is dependent upon the existence of the various fish that come to his nets.

The other day I visited a pound fishery, while they were unloading the boats. It was a poor day, the total catch amounting to some twenty barrels of small weakfish and blues, with a sprinkling of large weakfish, and a few fish of other varieties. A sad sight it was for me, for in the entire lot there were not fifty fish that would have gone over four pounds, and the average was around a half pound.

I spoke to the captain, asking him if he did not consider it rather short sighted to kill these immature fish. I spoke of the advisability of enlarging the mesh of his pound nets.

"Brother," he said, "if we used a larger mesh we would have gilled every fish you see here, besides hundreds of others, still smaller, that have escaped. Not only this, but the labor of removing the gilled fish would require a half dozen crews, the size I have here."

Off hand, I had no argument for this, so I suggested removing the nets while the small fish were running.

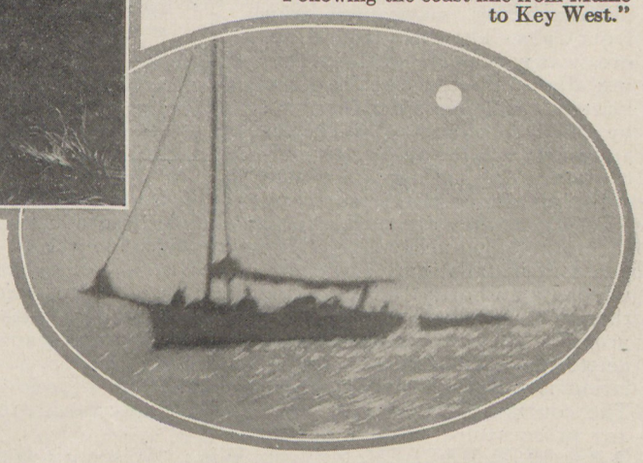
"I'm tempted to," he answered, "for I am losing money every day, but I'd lose more if my men lay idle, and then I would have to close down for good. Show me a method whereby I can improve the quality of my catch, and myself and every pound fisherman on the coast will adopt it. But we can't afford to experiment, for this game is a gamble, and for the last year or two, a losing one."

And there you are. Would it be practicable to reduce the size of the mesh? I do not know. Would it be beneficial to remove the nets during spawning? Doubtless, but who is to name the time for this removal, for the spawning of salt water fishes varies according to the temperature of the water, and the spawning season of one species comes when another is in a marketable condition. The only answer I see to the question is investigation, then action, **backed up by this League.**

The deep water fishes; the cods and tilefish, and others which tempt the cruising boats, need little attention. This season, following several years of

"Virgin waters still."

"Following the coast line from Maine to Key West."



scarcity, was a banner year for the cod fisherman. Had we data on the subject, we would doubtless discover that the preceding years were particularly favorable, because of water temperature, the abundance of plankton life, and for other reasons perhaps, which we know not of, to the spawning and the development of these deep water species.

No, our attention may be safely centered on the inshore fisheries. I know little enough of the subject, but more, perhaps than many of those who have preached so eloquently, yet so unconvincingly. I believe this—that the commercial fisherman is partly to blame for the

(Continued on page 122)

Pollution

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

THE enormity of pollution was graphically illustrated in the record of the transactions of the American Fisheries Society at its Fifty-first Annual Meeting.

It showed the trend of public opinion on the subject of pollution of waters. Many members of the society expressed their opinions during the general discussions of the subject and they told of the extent of the evil in various states and the measures proposed for its abatement.

MR. N. R. BULLER, Harrisburg, Pa.: "Stream pollution is a matter of great importance to every person interested in the conservation of fish. On account of great industrial activities and mining operations the streams of Pennsylvania are, perhaps, in worse condition than those of any other state. This is one of the greatest questions confronting the state today, both in regard to the welfare of the fish and the health of the people. The manufacturing interests and the railroads admit that it is a question involving a great deal and one that is extremely difficult of solution. The State Department of Health has jurisdiction over pollution, in so far as the sewage of cities is concerned; but laws exempt the drainage from mines, tanneries and other industrial establishments. Since the agitation for cleaning up the streams has developed some of the paper mills of Pennsylvania are reclaiming valuable by-products. There was a plant on Tulipehocken creek, manufacturing manganese iron from Cuba. The wash from those ores was very poisonous, destroying all fish in the stream. The matter was taken up with them by the Department of Fisheries and they installed an electric precipitator eliminating the waste entirely. It cost the company $30,000, but they are reclaiming a valuable by-product in the form of potash which is more than paying the expense of installation. The Department of Fisheries has under its authority the mining and industrial waste, but the laws are inadequate. Our law as it stands today prohibits anyone from emptying into the streams any deleterious substance but unfortunately the fine for violation is only $100, which does not meet the situation. The courts have never sustained the Commonwealth in any prosecutions of mine operators."

MR. W. E. BARBER, Madison, Wis.: "Wisconsin is a manufacturing state. Along the Fox and Wisconsin river valleys there are about sixty paper mills, together with other industrial plants in the different cities located on those streams. . . . The question of pollution of streams has been discussed for years at meetings of this society and perhaps some progress has been made. We have accomplished something in Wisconsin, but it is a discouraging job. . . . The paper mill waste is enormous, but it can be controlled. The question is how to do it. We have visited every paper mill in our state; we have been to the pea-canning plants and have laid plans before many of them. Some have cooperated and gone ahead with certain improvements, but the great bulk of the waste matter is still flowing into the streams, destroying fish life, polluting the waters, and making them unfit for domestic use.

"The only way to settle this is for the states to enact stringent legislation providing a heavy penalty for violation of the law, giving these institutions sufficient time to regulate their plants to take care of the waste, and then enforce the law. . . . The Wisconsin Traction, Heat, Light and Power Company, of Milwaukee, had a gas plant located at Appleton. They were going to take out one of the old gas tanks that had been in use for forty years and never emptied. It held thousands of gallons and was practically full of sediment and tar accumulations from the manufacture of gas. They pumped one-half the contents into the Fox river and it was not long until the odor spread all over Appleton, and people began to wonder what was the matter. I went there immediately and looked over the situation. It was stopped, of course, and the Company hauled away the rest of the contents of the tank as they should have done all of it. We prosecuted these people, but our maximum fine is $100 for such offenses, and the Company simply went into court, paid the fine, and there the matter ended.

"The Fox and Wisconsin rivers are Wisconsin streams from source to mouth. Along the water shed of these rivers there are at least 150 plants throwing their waste into them. If we go to those companies and say that they must stop polluting the streams, that the fine is from $2500 to $5000 they are going to clean house. There is no question about it. There are canneries in our state which are pouring the most putrid, putrescent nastiness that you can imagine into a stream with residences across the street. Can we expect Congress to go in there and do a job that is purely a state job? I am morally certain that our legislature will pass a law at the next session that will force these men to stop polluting the streams. . . . We want to cooperate with Mr. Hoover as to the Mississippi river, which is an interstate water. It is perfectly proper that the Federal Government should take hold of that stream."

MR. E. LEE LeCOMPTE, Baltimore, Md.: "As the Game Warden of Maryland I have more trouble with pollution than with the enforcement of the game and fish laws—ten times as much. In many cases the pollution is not caused by the manufacturing industries located within our state. For instance, there is one pulp mill in West Virginia just across the border, which pollutes the waters of the Potomac river. The mill had been putting all the waste into the Potomac, and finally the people below, at Cumberland, complained that the fish life was absolutely destroyed. . . . A justice of the peace thinks that a fine of $25 for violation of the game and fish laws is awful, and that a fine of a dollar and a half is enough; so how can we expect to get a conviction with a fine of $2000? I have had a number of pollution cases, but have never had one brought to trial.

Federal Control is the Only Answer

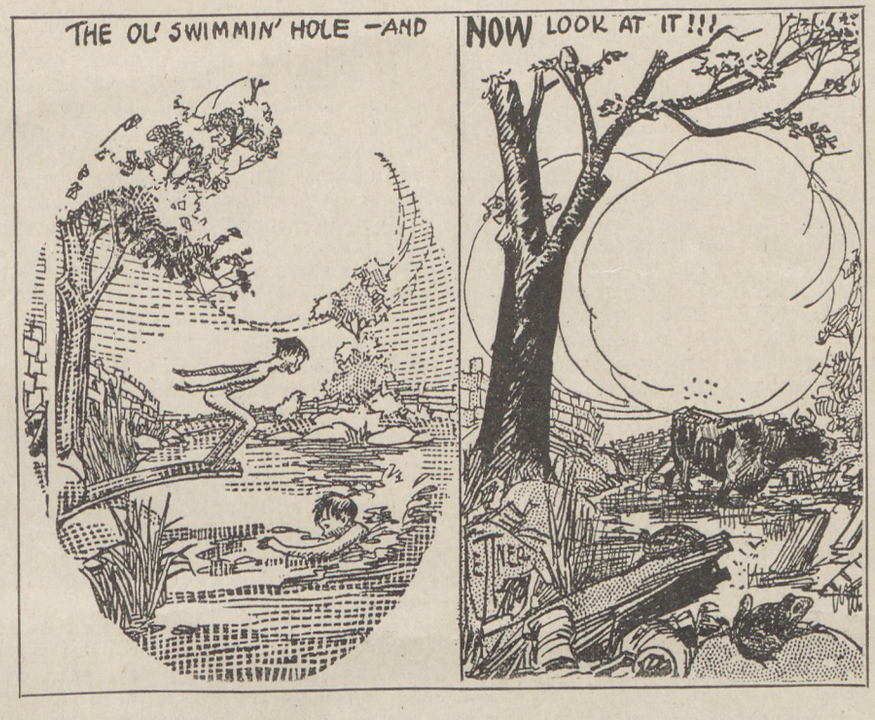
WE receive hundreds of letters every week citing deplorable cases of the ruinous pollution of our streams and lakes.

What is the remedy? State and Federal control of our waters.

There is only one way to bring about Federal control and that is for one million principled Americans to come into the Izaak Walton League of America. The unified vote of a million men would prove invincible and the issue is of such paramount importance that we may have to elect a President of these United States pledged to bring about Federal control of all inland waters. If the Constitution of the United States has to be amended—we sportsmen can do it. It has been done before for no better causes. There are more than twenty million lovers of sports a-field and a-stream in our country AND WHAT CAN WE NOT DO IF NATIONALLY ORGANIZED INTO ONE MIGHTY BROTHERHOOD?

because I have no faith in a justice of the peace fining a party even $100. I worked to get the manufacturers to cooperate. . . . One of the pulp mills got an engineer and spent about $47,000, and the manager told me it was the best work they ever did. They put in a plant whereby waste was used for some by-products which they are selling. We received complaints from Thomas creek, on the Monocacy river, one of our great bass streams. A very fine dust from a stone quarry in Pennsylvania was allowed to go into the stream on which the quarry was located. The grit would stick to the gills of the fish and cause death. I could do nothing as the plant was in another state. **Federal** legislation could do something, but not state laws."

MR. M. L. ALEXANDER, New Orleans, La.: "This is one of the most important questions pertaining to our fisheries. In the summer of 1921 Mr. Hoover called a conference at Washington to consider two questions: stream pollution and control of migratory fish. He invited the Commissioners and representatives of the Atlantic Coast and Gulf States possibly 100 of whom were in attendance, and the matter was gone into very exhaustively. Resolutions were adopted and the final conclusion of the conference was that the question of stream pollution should be properly controlled by the **Federal Government**, largely for the reason that such pollution is not only brought about by the industries located along the inland streams but in large measure, by the oil burning and oil carrying vessels plying along the coast or going to foreign ports. Also as a large percentage of these vessels are carrying foreign flags, it is a question not only of national but of international importance. It might be appropriate for this Society to endorse the action of the Hoover conference and for the commissioners to urge their Senators and Representatives to push through Congress some law sufficiently drastic to meet this particular condition. I believe that is the only way to get the desired results."



MR. A. L. MILLER, Boston, Mass.: "Massachusetts has enough laws in regard to pollution, but enforcement is well nigh impossible. The conference in Washington called by Secretary Hoover was intended to be a step forward, to improve if possible upon local handling of the matter. . . . I presented the case for Massachusetts at the hearing, and my stand was backed by Louisiana, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina and Georgia which shows that we were pretty much in accord. We discussed the subject in a great broad way. We, on the coast, are up against oil pollution by steamers. The waste dumped by those steamers comes into every port, so that today in the New York fish trade the designation 'Standard Oil' is applied to certain kinds of lobsters and fish because they simply reek of petroleum. The meeting was an honest effort to do something with the question of pollution."

MR. CARLOS AVERY, St. Paul, Minn.: "The fact that Secretary Hoover, with his great influence and prestige, has taken an interest in this subject offers the first ray of hope in all the years that I have heard this question discussed by this Society. The Secretary has recognized what we knew to be the fact that the pollution problem is far greater in the Atlantic coast states than in our inland states. We do not know anything about pollution in the sense that the streams are poisoned in the east. Pennsylvania certainly has knowledge of it, and I think the situation exists practically throughout the country. States may pass laws, but, however stringent they may be, it is practically impossible to enforce them. Therefore, I hope that this Society will go on record as endorsing the movement of Secretary Hoover in the strongest possible way."

MR. J. M. CRAMPTON, New Haven, Conn.: "No subject interests Connecticut more than Pollution. This important question is being handled by a lot of lawyers in the legislative halls of our state. We see the results at home and we should clean house first. Norwich, Conn., is as well located for taking care of waste products as any city in the United States, and if it would do so the Thames could be filled with fish. Where have our shad and black bass gone? We are not producing today ten per cent of the fish we did. Take our oyster and shad industries and the fishing industries throughout the state, even the lobsters, and you will find they are all contaminated where they border the cities. This should not be. Commissioner Block, of Connecticut, says that at comparatively small expense each industry could do away with all of the pollution in our Naugatuck river, where today it would take the hair off a mule's leg to wade across it. Unless this subject is taken hold of by the **Federal Government** you will never see any radical change."

A Kick From Ohio.

THE pollution of the streams is indeed the most serious situation that this great body of sportsmen will have to contend with. I often stop and think of the many days that were spent on the Mahoning river which flows through the city where I spent my boyhood days, and of the bass fishing; there was none better in northeastern Ohio, and today this river is lined for miles with steel mills and factories, all of which are running their sewage into this stream. The acid from the tin mills has colored the water a dark red and not even the lowly carp can live in it.

Yours for Federal Control,
J. C. Streeter.

"THE MENACE OF FLOATING OIL" is the caption of the following article reprinted from the **Dearborn Independent.** The activity that the British Government is displaying in this matter should be a lesson to us to go and do likewise.

"Oil Upon the Waters" may injure as well as soothe, it appears. A correspondent of **The Manchester Guardian,** quoted in **The Nautical Gazette** (New York), asserts that the discharge of oil at sea constitutes a menace to

(Continued on page 123)

John Moreland—Fisherman

By WILL H. DILG

Illustrated by R. Fayerweather Babcock

THERE under the shade of the trees there was silence for a few minutes. Then, "There's a lot more to this fishing game than we thought," mused the doctor. "Did you notice how that muskellunge fisherman cast his line? Some of his casts must have been over a hundred feet. Young Patterson knew what he was talking about when he said 'Angling is an art.' I wish I knew how to fish as some men do."

"Let's get into the boat and see what those three fishermen are doing over there to the left," suggested Moreland. "They have been around that little weedy island for an hour or more."

When they came within hailing distance, Moreland called—"What kind of fish do you expect to catch in those weeds?"

"Muskellunge," answered a little short fat man, as he reeled in and removed a bunch of weeds from his spoon.

"What do you call that shiny thing?" asked Moreland.

The fisherman looked up at Moreland in surprise and answered—

"Trolling spoon. What did you think it was, a submarine?"

"And this, gentlemen, is little Willy," called out the other troller, as he reeled in an 8 inch sucker. "This little baby is hell on old man muskellunge. Now watch little Willy perform and bring home the bacon! Just watch little Willy attend to business!"

As he spoke he cast the sucker with a splash into a pocket of the weed bed. Luck was with the sucker fisherman; his line soon began to run from his reel, at first slowly, then stopping.

"He's still there! I can feel him, guess he's turning the bait head first," said the fisherman, attempting to conceal his excitement. Again the line ran from the reel, but this time more rapidly.

"I can't stand it a second longer!" cried the fisherman, and as his line sped from the reel he stopped it with his thumb and struck hard.

"I've got him hooked!" he shouted gleefully. Instantly the tiger of the water sprang into the air and threw the sucker some twenty feet or more. Sadly the fisherman reeled in.

"Struck too soon," he explained apologetically.

"I told you to let him run a little longer," said the guide accusingly, as he gazed at the chewed and tooth-marked sucker. "Our last sucker, too."

"Well, here goes for a No. 7 Slim Ely," said the fisherman, as he opened his tackle box.

"Let's get a couple of those spoons," said Moreland, as the doctor rowed towards the hotel. They arrived at the rustic resort at about luncheon time. Moreland immediately sought the owner, and in his dictatorial way said, "I want a couple of those trolling spoons right away."

"I don't sell fishing tackle. My guests come usually prepared and bring their tackle with them," answered the proprietor.

"Got to have two spoons, and I will expect you to get them," said old Moreland brusquely.

The doctor saw that Moreland's tactics were doomed to failure, and broke in in his pleasant way, "Surely some one of your fishermen will loan us a couple of spoons."

Their conversation attracted the attention of several of the guests, much to Moreland's irritation. An old timer giving the two old men the once-over, here offered to help them out, and brought forth his tackle box producing two spoons.

"You're welcome to these spoons. Any decent muskellunge will bust them on sight. They are silver plated No. 9 Skinners filed down to a No. 7 size, and will do the business if any spoon will do it."

After luncheon a crowd gathered around to watch the two tyros start forth. The doctor attempted to induce Moreland to take a nap.

"No, sir," said he, "I'm going out to catch one of those fighting big fish."

They were escorted to the dock by nearly all those at the resort, the guests sensing that they were a queer pair. The old timer lead the procession.

"What are these people following us for," asked Moreland nervously?

"I don't know," said the doctor. "Guess they haven't got anything else to do."

"I don't like it a damned bit," growled Moreland. "Why don't they attend to their own business."

The doctor took the oars and pulled away from the dock. Moreland, simulating indifference to the onlookers, let out his spoon. Not 300 feet from the dock something like a tidal wave struck Moreland's spoon, whereupon he shouted, "Hold on, I'm caught!"

With the words, a giant fish arose four feet into the air, falling back into the water with a crash of foam. Out of sheer amazement the crowd maintained perfect silence. Never before had a muskellunge been known to strike anywhere in that part of the lake.

Moreland lost hold of the reel handle and the fish ran a hundred feet before Moreland could get his bruised fingers around the handle again. By this time the crowd had come to and volleys of directions were shouted at Moreland and the doctor from the excited group on the dock.

The doctor, who had stopped the boat at Moreland's command still sat holding the oars motionlessly, eyes popping and mouth agape.

"Why don't you row?" shouted Moreland furiously at the doctor, whereupon the doctor gave a mighty heave on the oars, causing Moreland to almost fall off the seat and to again lose hold of the handle of the reel. This time he regained it sooner, but with the same knuckle punishment. The doctor continued to row, excitedly pulling with no idea of direction, circling 'round and 'round, and finally pushed the bow of the boat up on the shore within a few feet of the dock, with a bump that again almost dislodged Moreland from his seat.

A perfect storm of advice and instructions now poured forth from the frantic crowd on the dock. The old timer, almost beside himself, jumped up and down yelling.

"Lemme land him for you! Lemme land him for you!"

The fish, now on a slack line was roaming and circling around at will, and breaking again and again in his frenzied effort to shake the spoon; Moreland doing his utmost to reel in line, the cheap reel squeaking and grating hoarsely. At last it froze hard, as cheap reels have a habit of doing, and Moreland was now sending forth torrents of abuse directed at the reel, the doctor, and everybody within sound of his voice.

By this time the old timer had managed to get into the boat and attempted to take the rod from Moreland's hands. Moreland let out a whoop of rage, and with the rod over his shoulder, floundered out of the boat and onto the shore, rushing bull-like up the bank. He slipped and fell at the top, and the rod, bending almost double—broke with a snap. Nothing daunted, he grabbed the line and continued wildly to run. Then the line broke, but not before he had drawn the mighty fish into shallow water, whereupon the doctor, seeing it floundering about, jumped in and fell on top of the fish, struggling valiantly to bring it onto the shore. He arose with the monster fish in his arms, but it threshed about and slipped out, and before anyone could again

grab it, it had managed to get into deep water and disappear from sight.

"Why didn't you hold him!" raged Moreland at the dripping doctor.

The doctor, too mad to retort, could only gesticulate, while the old timer sat on the ground, mopped his face and feebly declared.

"A 50 pounder, if an ounce."

That night the only subject of conversation was Moreland's great fish. As Moreland and the doctor went past the office door on their way from the dining room to their own rooms, they overheard the old timer holding forth.

"I would have given a thousand dollars to have hooked that fish, and to think that a fellow that couldn't fish hooked him! And did you see the bum tackle!"

Moreland wheeled quickly as though to speak, but stopped, turned and wended his way thoughtfully up the stairs.

"Kimbark," he said still thoughtfully, after they reached their rooms, "I'm going to be a fisherman, and I'm going after fishing just like I go after business. I can see that I like it, and I'm going to send for Lee Patterson's boy to teach me to fish and to go fishing with me. I'm going to have the finest fishing outfit in America, no matter what it costs, and I'm going to wire the office right now."

"John," said Kimbark, and as he spoke he put his hands on the other's shoulders, "You have come spontaneously to the only conclusion which could save your life. You didn't have a chance to live the year out going as you were. All the physicians in the universe could not have saved you. I'm leaving tomorrow—you're sure to be alright."

The arrival of Moreland's wire at his office proved a sensation. The different managers held a conference over it. James Willard, the only man in the institution who dared to peep above a whisper when old Moreland got on a rampage, read it aloud.

"It's plain," said Willard, "the old crotchety tyrant means what he says and that is, deliver this letter to Patterson no matter where he is and no matter what the cost. Too bad he couldn't let the kid have his vacation out. Now whom will we send? It's my judgment we had better select some one accustomed to the woods; a tenderfoot won't do, that's certain."

"What do you think of Thomas Dewar? He lived for years in Canada and says he's a fisherman," suggested Jones.

"Just the man," answered Willard.

Dewar was sent for, given careful orders and instructed to start at once.

Dewar found it easy to find Patterson's starting point, "but where he might be now was a puzzle," said the few residents of that wild portion of Canada. Dewar had his orders and being a Scotchman he intended to doggedly obey them. Two canoemen familiar with that neck of the woods started forth with him as soon as tents and supplies could be gathered togetner.

Three days afterwards they caught up with Patterson and his friend. Dewar delivered the letter. Patterson thoughtfully read it and smiled as he scribbled a note.

(Continued on page 120)

Plant a Bass

By
B. F. WILDER

With Instructions By Dr. Henshall—Also What Other Famous American Conservationists Think of This Plan.

DURING the past year the writer has received some hundreds of letters from black bass anglers, most of them bewailing the rapidly vanishing fishing. While some of these were mere jeremiads, others were vaguely optimistic. Many expressed hope that bass would soon be planted by their angling clubs or by their State officials, a very few stated that attempts were being made to begin such planting. And there were five letters from anglers who had not been content to let George do it, and who, acting as individuals, had planted bass.

Inquiry disclosed various reasons for the apathy of the others. Some believed stocking to be extremely expensive, and so not to be attempted save by large clubs or by the State. Some were deterred by lack of information; they believed great technical knowledge essential to success, they did not know where bass fry or fingerlings might be obtained. So, with the exception of the five, individual effort was not made. But if those five had been five thousand! Oh, **boy!**

Well, let's have it that way. Let's start a "Plant a Bass" movement, and, acting as individuals if necessary, actually plant bass in our home waters. Let's cease lamenting the marvelous fishing of the past and improve the present, for the future. And not so long in the future either, for bass grow rapidly. Let's have good fishing near home. And as "they won't bite till they're born," let's begin now.

I AM convinced that this "Plant A Bass" campaign of Mr. Wilder's will accomplish a spectacular amount of good. B. F. Wilder is one of the besl informed anglers in America, with both an ardent desire to improve fishing conditions and a practicable and feasible method of doing it.

*"Plant A Bass" will become a slogan familiar to anglers from coast to coast. A little creek a quarter of a mile from my house in the country will be the scene of my first application of Mr. Wilder's plan. It is my hope that our boys and girls will enthusiastically join in this work as well as the entire brotherhood of American sportsmen. Come on, boys—**plant a bass** and put the "fish" in "fishing".*

Will H. Dilg

Stocking is neither expensive nor difficult. There are hundreds of lakes and streams suitable for the purpose and the fry can be obtained easily. All one has to do is to write to **Department of Commerce, Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.,** for an application blank, and to fill out said blank and forward it to his United States Senator or Representative in Congress for endorsement. Upon endorsement, which is never refused, the Bureau of Fisheries will deliver the fry at the applicant's nearest railroad station, free of expense, and will even telegraph the applicant when to expect them. He has only to receive his fish and put them in the waters selected for stocking. Could the work be made simpler, easier, cheaper?

Come on! Let's go! Let each man ask himself these questions: How many bass have you taken in your years of fishing? How many have you planted? Don't you owe a few fingerlings to the world of sport? If those who must answer yes to the final question join the movement its success is assured; instead of five there will be five thousand men at work.

By common consent, the fisherman who can point to a gigantic bass and say: "I caught that fellow," is an angler. If he can truthfully add that the fish was taken on light tackle, he is a sportsman. Then what rating must the angling world accord the man who can say:
"I **planted** that bass?"

On Stocking Waters With Black Bass

By DR. JAMES ALEXANDER HENSHALL

THE black bass, of either species, in addition to its merits as a game and food fish, and being so hardy and free from disease, so prolific and so assiduous in caring for its eggs and young, it follows that no other game-fish is so suitable and desirable for planting in new waters, provided that the conditions of the water and its animal and plant life are favorable; and no other game-fish will give more certain and abundant returns. As an exemplification of the truth of this statement there is the successful and remarkable stocking of the upper Potomac and its tributaries with but thirty black bass of less than a foot in length. Previous to their introduction the black bass did not inhabit those waters.

At that time, however, seventy years ago, our waters were pure and undefiled and unadulterated with foul and deleterious matter. A few years later both species of black bass were successfully planted in the waters of the middle states and New England, and still later in the waters of the Pacific slope, and in all of these virgin waters separated by the width of a continent they increased and multiplied. But we now have a very different state of affairs to contend with. Our streams are polluted by foul emanations from industrial plants, mines and sawmills, and from sewage; however, we must do the best we can in the circumstances.

We must exercise more care and better judgment in stocking our waters with fry or fingerlings. Heretofore, in some cases at least, not much thought was given to the frail tenure of life existent in such weak organisms. Instead of being dumped or poured into the stream in a struggling, wriggling mass, they should have been handled with jealous care and a just appreciation of the value of life, especially in such defenseless creatures.

In stocking waters with black bass, if a sufficient

number of mature fish are available, and the proper concomitants of the stream exist, there is no better plan to pursue than to plant the mature fish; usually, however, we must plant fry or fingerlings. In days gone by when stocking waters, millions of fry and fingerlings delivered to applicants by Federal and state hatcheries have been ruthlessly and needlessly sacrificed to the ignorance or the lack of judgment of those intrusted with the work of planting them. There are certain necessary and essential methods of procedure to be followed to insure success, assuming that the conditions of the water are favorable.

The first consideration to be observed is that the temperature of the water in the can, containing the fingerlings, and that of the stream should be uniform. A sudden or violent change of temperature is detrimental to the life of cold-blooded creatures, and a sudden change of but a few degrees in the temperature of the water is fatal to delicate fry or fingerlings, and no planting of young fish should be attempted without the aid of a thermometer. The water in the can should be dipped out, and the water of the stream dipped into the can until they are of the same temperature before the young fish are planted; then the mouth of the can should be partly submerged, allowing the fish to swim out into the stream without confusion; or the can may be inverted and the fish gently emptied just under the surface of the water. Thousands of fry have been killed by the shock of pouring them onto the surface from a height of two or three feet. I have seen this done more than once, many of the tender fry floating away dead, and had there been a difference of several degrees in the relative temperatures all would probably have perished.

Young fish should never be planted in open water or in the main stream, for if not swallowed by large fish they will eventually succumb to polluted water. They should always be planted in the upper reaches where the water is comparatively pure, and where it is quite shallow and weedy; or, preferably, in a small tributary, among water plants where food is abundant, and where the water is too shallow to be frequented by the many enemies of the young fish. Under these conditions black bass fry would be more likely to survive and flourish than fingerlings planted in more open water.

In the meanwhile we must not weary of well doing, but must continue our efforts of replenishing the waters with black bass, even in the face of discouragement. The dawn of a brighter day is already appearing on the horizon, and the bright star of hope is faintly shining through the clouds of adversity. The problem of pollution of our waters is about to be taken up by the Federal Government, and it is to be devoutly wished that our waters will eventually be as productive of fish for the next generation as they were in the past.

There is still Balm in Gilead. Angling for our gamefishes is still good in the streams and lakes of the northern tier of states and in Canada, while the black bass still erects his spiny crest in the clean waters of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. So let us echo the sentiment of Barnaby Rudge's raven: "Never say die!"

Rather let us go forth and Plant a Bass.

"O. K.—Plant a Bass"

Say Five Famous American Anglers

HERBERT HOOVER, Secretary of Commerce, whose conservation activities are nationally known, has sent us the following statement by the Commissioner of Fisheries in regard to the "Plant a Bass" campaign, in which Mr. Hoover writes he "heartily concurs."

"The Bureau considers very favorably the 'Plant a Bass' campaign that is being conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America. Any method for increasing the supply of this popular food and game fish is certainly commendable. The Bureau of Fisheries is willing to co-operate in stocking depleted waters in so far as the **limited funds will admit.** A number of years ago the Potomac River was stocked with a few bass. They are now one of the principal food fishes of the Eastern United States, (and are being taken on a paying commercial basis?) It is hoped that the League will take steps leading to the protection of bass and other fishes during their spawning seasons."

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, whose novels are famous from one end of America to the other, is intensely interested in conservation measures of all kinds and is a skillful and enthusiastic angler. He is enrolled in the League's Pioneer Roll of Honor, having taken out a hundred dollar life membership. As to the "Plant a Bass" plan, he writes: "I am in cordial sympathy with your 'Plant a Bass' campaign. It is equally important to check the pollution of lakes and streams. Those who do it are the meanest of thieves, for they rob the youth of our country and cheat them out of the pure unsullied waters which are the common heritage of all Americans."

HAROLD T. PULSIFER, the Vice-President of the Outlook, is an angler of renown and the "Avatar of the Barbless Hook" in America, which title was given him by our editor. With American sportsmen all planting bass and using barbless hooks, American sportsmanship will indeed stand for Conservation and Fair Play. Mr. Pulsifer's letter follows: "A farmer who did nothing but sit on a fence and complain because no crops grew in his fields would be almost as sensible as the average American angler. Farmers know better. **They prepare the soil and plant the seed.** They have taken to heart the message: 'As ye sow so shall ye reap.' It is more than time that the anglers as a body followed suit. Plant a bass? Plant a thousand! And plant them in clear streams and clean lakes. If the streams and lakes are neither clean nor clear let us find out why and apply the remedy of private and public action."

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD, whose books are aflame with the love of outdoors and whose efforts for conservation are tireless, made a speech for the League in Petoskey, Mich., on Oct 10th. His opinion of the "Plant a Bass" campaign follows: "I think your 'Plant a Bass' movement is splendid. It is just as you say; fish will never be caught until they are born, and no fish in the world is quite as cosmopolitan and near at home as the bass. I have personally taken a tremendous amount of interest in planting bass, as I believe they are by all odds the most valuable inland fish we have. If we can get a few hundred thousand real sportsmen to work along the idea you have given us it will do an immense amount of good."

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE, well known writer, has an extraordinary knowledge of outdoor life and of the nature and habits of the creatures of the woods and waters. His approval of this plan stamps it as being practical and workable. He writes: "This 'Plant a Bass' campaign is one of these eminently sane ideas in conservation which should have the active support of every lover of America's outdoors. I remember hearing Senator Ben Tillman say that the Civil War had ruined the South because it had taken all the seed corn. Our generation has been busily robbing our wonderful woods and waters of the seed corn. We must replant. Nor is it irreverent to bring Holy Writ to support this splendid campaign. We are advised that we shall reap what we sow. Plant a few fingerling bass, therefore, and reap a crop of two- and three-pounders. And don't count on George to do the planting. Of course, you can always count on him to do the reaping."

O. W. SMITH, widely known to American fishermen as Outdoor W. Smith, is the angling editor of Outdoor Life and a great student of both ancient and modern angling literature. He writes that he would gladly have written more on this "Plant a Bass" subject but that our letter asked for "a few lines." He writes: "I most unreservedly give my heartiest commendation to your 'Plant a Bass' campaign. It was Lincoln who expressed a desire to plant a rose and pluck a thorn; equally my utmost wish is to leave more bronze-backs when I pass on than I found. A bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush, at least so the old saying has it, but a bass in the river is worth two in the creel. There is something wrong with the sportsmanship that thinks only of catching and never of planting. I am with you in this, hook, line, rod, reel and TYPEWRITER."

Game Rifles

By M. L. GOCHENOUR
Internationally Famed Hunter

Announcing Great Hunting Story Contest

MANY years ago when the editor was an ambitious young College "Prof.", the President visited a class in Government. His Highness listened patiently and politely through a none too interesting lecture on "Politics of the Mexican War," or some equally profound and patriotically dry subject. When the last "hopeful" had departed, the chief addressed the lecturer after this fashion: "Professor, that was a good enough lecture, but you should talk less and make the students talk more." The professor's pride was hurt, but a psychological fact had been driven home. May we, in this department, profit by the lesson of that musty incident!

There is no person interested in guns and ammunition who has not had unhappy, if not tragic experiences with inadequate arms. True, most of us sometime have asked arms and cartridges to do more than they were designed or intended to do, and yet been pleasantly surprised at performance beyond warranted expectation. Yet the rule should not be formulated from the exception, much less if a novice, or one relatively inexperienced, is tempted to draw general conclusions from an isolated incident.

Since all true hunting stories are reminiscences in varying stages of antiquity, the experiences you will soon be asked to relate may revert even to the bliss of youth. Like liberty must be taken in the attempt to illustrate what is wanted in the contest announced by this number. When a barefoot boy, the editor killed a woodcock with a large pebble, but will never recommend the weapon of David as a satisfactory arm with which to pursue that sky-rocket of the marshes.

A nerve-wrecking story could be told of a boyhood experience with reloaded shotgun shells. Smokeless powder was still in the experimental stage—the priming in particular. About two dozen shells had been reloaded night before, for ducks. We had no factory ammunition. The day broke clear and no ducks came within range. A playmate rowed the boat into every bayou on our little lake, but Diana was flirting elsewhere. Crestfallen, we had started for the home landing, when suddenly the first otter that either of us had ever seen came up within easy range. Strangely, he swam ahead of our boat toward the marshy shore, remaining on the surface the entire distance. The right barrel snapped; then the left; again and again. Desperately every shell was tried but in turn failed to explode, excepting one—a black powder hybrid that we had primed generously, though dubiously, with "Laflin and Rand," before putting in the smokeless—an experiment. Just as the otter gained the shelter of willows and cattails, at long range, this last shell was tried. It went. The otter did likewise. Crimson stains on the rushes were our last evidence of the lost trophy. Autopsy of that dead ammunition disclosed that while the primers were of correct diameter, they were too short.

Early in our hunting lives, we are confused by the heated arguments at campfires and in magazine articles, between large and small bore advocates. The editor's first large bore rifle was a .38-.55—one of the most accurate cartridges ever made. Results upon Virginia deer were all that could be desired. Next came a .35 with a 200 grain bullet, which gave even better satisfaction. Then rumors of little bullets with fabulous speed began their infamous corruption of arms literature. A new face appeared in the rifle harem. The fancied one had beautiful lines—a veritable Minerva, as denizens of gun cabinets go,—perfect balance, "featherweight" and everything an ultra high velocity .25 can be. In appearance it left little to be desired. It was carefully and fondly tested on the range for accuracy. Although not a constant "bull-getter," like the steadier, heavier calibers, its performance on paper targets was satisfactory. The first hunting season following it brought down a bull moose, carrying better than an average head, with one shot, running, at over 200 yards. The bullet went to pieces on the backbone, just behind the shoulder line. Temptation followed to draw rash conclusions from that one shot, but the next year came a rude awakening!

After a careful stalk of five or six hours, a fine bull moose was sighted about 300 yards across a draw. Neither wind nor contour would permit closer approach. The great creature stood in a clump of green birch, quartering, facing away, as the setting sun from behind showed his outline clearly, in the best light possible. The sling was drawn taut; deliberate aim taken for a shoulder shot; and when the trigger was pressed, a little puff of dust flew from the shaggy shoulder. He turned and walked slowly toward your narrator, who kept pumping away, fully expecting to see the bull collapse at every step. The magazine was emptied and one shot fired from a second clip just as the bull stepped into an intervening gully and was lost to sight. Three of the six shots fired were seen to strike over what would have been vital spots for bullets of sufficient weight and consequent "punch." Two other bullets were found to have exploded on striking small birch twigs near the moose, and probably never reached him. After seeing the first shot strike, it seemed absolutely certain another trophy had been added to a well filled den, but the firing was continued according to that wise rule to keep shooting, once game has been wounded, so long as the quarry is on it's feet. With full expectation to find that bull down where he had disappeared, the approach was made. When last seen, the moose was walking slowly, and did not break that gait despite all the shooting. Although the trail was followed a mile or more, only to be lost in a labyrinth of fresh tracks in open burnt country, not a drop of blood or a telltale hair could be found—evidence conclusive, that "The Gun We Used, The Game Abused." There is little doubt a mighty fine animal had been mortally wounded by bullets that are not dependable for that class of hunting, and should never be used on heavy game excepting in unavoidable emergencies.

With the same rifle, during the following season, a beautiful bull elk was shot at ranges over 300 yards, four times, but did not even slacken his speed. Then, with a .35 caliber, using a 200 grain slug, wrest in desperation from the hands of the guide, the bull was brought down at one shot. All four shots from the .25 had struck over vital spots but had exploded too quickly. The un-

Come on, You Hunters

ANGLING MEMORIES has proved a success. Now it's up to the Nimrods to get into the game and give the anglers a race; besides, we know the hunters want to do their bit to help OUR CRUSADE and OUR MAGAZINE.

We are delaying the announcement of the title under which this series of hunting stories will run until Brother Gochenour returns from a moose hunt in heretofore unexplored regions.

Since writing the above a telegram from "Gock" states: "Returning with splendid head and carcass and going to give a moose party to the Warsaw Chapter." Gochenour is the president of our Warsaw, Ind., Chapter, whose members are very much awake to the need of the I. W. L. A.

necessary suffering caused that noble creature of the mountains has always been a source of shame and sorrow.

A famous New Brunswick guide of international reputation for truthfulness, as well as efficiency in woodcraft, shoots his moose with a .22 rifle. He uses the long rifle, closed point bullet, and a Maxim Silencer. His method is to stalk the game carefully, place one silent shot in the lungs at close range without alarming the moose, and then remain perfectly quiet until death finally claims his quarry. The principle upon which he operates is that the moose, if not frightened, will walk around a small circle and lie down. Soon the lung cavity will fill with blood and the great animal will suffocate. Such practice requires uncanny ability as a stalker, excellent marksmanship, cool nerve and a hard heart. Certainly, it is no game for the novice, and deserves emphatic, universal condemnation.

All you brother Izaaks have had experiences with inadequate arms and ammunition that the rest of us should know about. This department wants you to send us stories of these, written in your own way, for the entertainment and education of the brotherhood. From every contributor to YOUR MAGAZINE, the articles you have read have been a "labor of love." Now we want you to do your bit. Whether you have previously written much, little, or none of your hunting experiences, does not matter. What we want is your stories.

A swollen shell, an expanded cartridge, a burst barrel, a weak mainspring, defective priming, or any one of the numerous Jonahs you have met with in an important moment, has a rare and thrilling story woven around it that the rest of us may profit by, or at least be interested in. If the gun or ammunition were at fault, and the evidence against them was conclusive, the story will qualify in the contest. It does not matter in what kind of hunting, or in what part of the world the incident about which you write was experienced. A good duck, quail or snipe story will be as welcome as one of Alaskan Brown Bear, Moose, Bengal Tiger or African Buffalo. We must reach and interest sportsmen of every taste and fancy. You are one of them. Write at least one of your stories now. Send it in time for the November issue. Each series will be both prolific and contagious. Here is your chance, at last, to dress your alibi in its "Sunday best," enter it with good standing in polite society, render a bit of real service to the cause, and win a prize worth winning.

Only the highest standards of honest values have been considered in naming the list of prizes to be offered, a list of which will be published in the November issue. The best stories of WHERE GUN OR AMMUNITION FAILED will win prizes of the best guns and ammunition made in America.

To avoid favoring any one manufacturer, the judges will determine the make of gun to be awarded for each prize. The winner in each case will be consulted and within reasonable limitations, his wishes will be respected.

From three to five of these stories, depending upon their length, will be published each month. All copy should be typewritten, or in easily legible longhand. Send pictures or drawings to illustrate your stories if you can, although these are not necessary.

We do want YOUR STORY NOW.

Perfect English is no requisite. The stories will be graded up chiefly by the incident or experience they relate. Three hunters of national reputation will be the judges. The winners will be announced over the signature of these judges, which means you will get the square deal you expect from your magazine. Now fill your ink-pots! Sharpen your pencils! FALL IN! LET'S GO!

A FUTURE EDITORIAL

"I shall feel a peculiar pride and shall deem it a special honor to write an editorial for the magazine."

IRVIN S. COBB

Mac

The Story of a Dog of Honor

By
TRAVERS D. CARMAN

HE was a wee, small pup when he arrived in his crate, a gift from the State Comptroller of New Jersey. As he was lifted out by the scruff of his neck he landed squarely on all four stocky legs, barked once in open defiance of all the world, and then, in recognition of the outstretched hand that brought him a message of masterly love, his tongue did penance for the hostile greeting of a moment before, and Mac, an English setter puppy, had found his lifelong master.

Puppy Days

His puppyhood was not unlike that of many other dogs—distended belly and all was well in a world of contentment and sunshine; an empty stomach and a land of darkness and gloom. And yet there was throughout even his early youth this distinguishing characteristic of a dog of pedigree—loyalty and real love for his master alone, tolerance of those his master loved, and calm indifference to all others.

Born in April, the following fall he was taken out in company with a seasoned dog and made his first point, in all awkwardness to be sure, when trembling legs knew not how to behave, and tail was limply outstretched in uncertain arch—but a point nevertheless, and stanchly held while the old dog, in rare condescension, ranged up in silent contempt and "backed" with hauteur the lucky pup who was "on the birds."

As the quail whirred away his master shot with deliberate and particular care, that he might kill a quail with his first shot and thereafter identify the report of a gun in the puppy's mind with the amazing delight of the scent of a dead quail held near his nose.

Since his master at that time lived a comparatively lonely life in the country, the puppy was permitted to sleep in the house, and thus became his master's constant companion when at home. His master, the editor of a horticultural and farm paper, was forever fussing with plants, vegetables, grains, and flowers, marking some with different colored strings, tying others carefully up in paper bags, in fact doing many amazing things that puzzled the puppy as he sat and watched him with quizzical glance and head cocked inquiringly on one side. But it was his master who did it, and so it must be right—his master who, night after night, snuggled him up in his arms in front of the sputtering logs and caused those delightful sensations behind his ears.

The days followed in such rapid succession that no puppy could keep track of them—each with some thrilling experience, often a catastrophe; a daily lesson from the master full of new puzzling words and commands which slowly separated in his mind to become associated with things he was to do. To come in at the sound of a certain whistle was the first lesson learned; to charge and heel were soon mastered. But there were other commands less easily understood and most bewildering. When running ahead of his master, he could not remember what he was to do when a hand was waved to one side or the other or directly overhead. He did not see why, when he had run and caught a ball, he should bring it back to his master, who had just thrown it away. But he tried his utmost, and gradually the meaning of all things became clear.

"The Ways of the Transgressor are Hard"

His master kept a prize flock of Indian Game chickens, and in jealous charge of the hens strutted with pride the Indian Game cock; ever watchful of the approach of danger, with massive breadth of chest, a cruelly efficient bill, and spurs as sharp as a needle-point. The puppy with playful longing had often watched them through the picket fence and barked for the joy of seeing them scatter with discordant cackling and utter confusion. And then had come the day when, to his delight, he had discovered an opening under one of the bottom boards of the chicken-run and through it he squeezed. As the hens fluttered out of his way with squawks of alarm, the puppy sprang at the one nearest, to grab only a mouthful of feathers and to be ferociously attacked the next minute by the Indian Game cock, who came valiantly to the rescue. In the act of jumping over the puppy, the cock struck him with one of his spurs and sent him reeling. As he struggled to his feet he was again laid low, and as often as he attempted to rise he met a similar fate until, in panic and acute distress, besmeared with blood and dirt, he found at last his exit, and sought the comfort of the cold earth under the hydrangea bushes, to repent at leisure for his misdeeds and lick his wounds, a sadder but wiser dog. He had learned two things of value to the hunting dog: first, to leave chickens alone; and, second, not to chase a feathered creature fluttering, however, temptingly ahead of him.

It seemed that the gardener had been an amused spectator of the tragic comedy and reported it to Mac's master upon his return from the city that night, who smiled with keen appreciation at the lesson the puppy had so effectively, though painfully learned.

But his evil genius was not yet content, for upon the following day, through the carelessness of the housekeeper, he absent-mindedly wandered into the pantry, where the smell of cookies proved irresistible. Cautiously raising himself up on his hind legs, he brought his fore paws down on what he supposed to be the edge of the lower shelf of the pantry, only to turn loose upon his unsuspecting head the wrath of the pantry gods in the shape of the contents of a huge pan of curdled milk, which covered him from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. Then, too, the pan set in motion some particularly sticky sheets of fly-paper, which sailed down in time to make connection with his

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hind feet. Tragedy begets tragedy in puppydom, and the stage was well set for the villain. Shocked by his sudden milk bath, with increasing terror beclouding his sanity, spurred on by the flapping of the fly-paper on his feet, in a mad retreat of panic he started for the kitchen door and came in violent contact with a leg of the intervening table, which promptly reared up, tottered in its mild protest, and fell on its side, taking with it to the floor jar after jar of recently made jelly. Goaded on afresh by the new catastrophe, that inflicted all of the nerve shock of shells bursting over the trenches, he dashed wildly through the closed kitchen screen door, taking most of the screen with him. His dirt wallow under the hydrangea bushes soothed in time his injured pride and screen-scratched nose, and the lesson of keeping out of the kitchen was wisely remembered without further experiment.

His Second Campaign

The bite of the air in the morning brought to him the memories of the year previous. With puppy ways forever cast aside, broad of forehead and of chest, and intelligent of eye, he watched with growing impatience for some sign from his master that the hunting season had come.

He had been dozing by the fire one evening after a particularly generous supper that the housekeeper, due to special orders, had begrudgingly given him, when he awoke with a start to find his master gone. The door leading into his master's room was open, with a light shining brightly out into the hall as his guide, and there he found his master and the joyous news that he had so impatiently awaited. The master was overhauling his hunting clothes, cartridge vest, boots and quail gun, and around all still clung that most wonderful of smells, the quail scent. With a low whine and with love and pleading in his eyes, he crawled to his master's feet and trembling from head to foot, raised a paw in supplication. A pat, a low word of hunting command, the well-imitated rallying call of quail when scattered, such was his greeting from his master; and, responding with a wild, joyous bark of delirious anticipation, Mac knew that the following dawn would usher in another hunting season.

All night long he lay by his master's bedside, shaking in his excitement, incapable of sleep, but too well trained to stir until his master awoke at dawn.

The next day Mac won his commission as a hunting dog. A lazy sun discovered him and his master well on their way to the nearest buckwheat stubble, the frost outlining in silver, the delicate tracery of the grass and woods. The solemn dropping of an occasional leaf as it haltingly dipped to earth from near-by trees, the flutter of small birds along the roadside hedge, the smell of the fall in the air, and the brilliant contrasts in changing foliage—all attested the ideal hunting day.

The buckwheat field soon reached, the dog was ordered on, and with superb restraint he held a steady pace as he quartered right and left in glad response to the wave of his master's hand. At the end of fifteen minutes, the field thoroughly covered and no birds found, he returned to his master for further orders. The dog was motioned to heel, and they two, in perfect understanding, with love and respect each for the other, struck out for a cornfield near by. And so the day was spent in silent reverence for God's own out-of-doors, and with due regard for nature's need of game conservation. A bird was shot here and there and proudly retrieved by the young setter; luncheon was shared by them both beside a sparkling spring where purple asters and goldenrod proudly stood sentinel, then upon the return in the afterglow the memories of the day were treasured by dog and master.

An Unusual Nose

Rarely has a dog possessed the nose or bird sense that Mac developed in his second season. Hunting up wind or down, he never flushed birds, stopping often so suddenly when he came unexpectedly upon a covey of quail that he would, with back hunched and all four feet braced, slide to a sudden stop.

Perhaps the incident for which he was most justly famous occurred in his third hunting season. He had found a covey of quail; his master and a friend with him had each shot a bird as they rose, and the party moved on to hunt for single birds. At the edge of a young growth of birch Mac pointed, a single quail flushed, and was shot by his master's companion, falling well inside the thicket. Mac was ordered to retrieve the dead bird, was plainly heard working into the cover, and then suddenly vanished and all was quiet. As Mac failed to return and ignored his master's whistle, the gunners started into the thicket in the direction the bird was seen to fall. One hundred yards ahead, Mac was found with the dead quail carefully held in his mouth and pointing another bird! As the hunters moved up the quail flushed and was shot by his master. Here then was a problem for Mac. Should he first retrieve the bird in his mouth, or attempt to retrieve them both at the same time? He decided in favor of the latter, and proudly returned holding each bird by a wing for fear of doing them injury by careless mouthing.

A Significant Lesson

In the instance of one man, a never-to-be-forgotten lesson was taught him by Mac. A thorough gentleman in all other ways, when on the hunting field he invariably claimed all birds at which he shot. Mac's master knew through mutual friends of this yellow streak, and I think purposely invited him to hunt, anticipating the lesson that Mac, through his loyalty, might silently administer.

Not till well on in the forenoon were quail found. Hidden behind an old log on a southern exposure at the edge of a swale were the birds, and Mac was in the act of jumping over the log when he caught the scent. Clutching at the log with all brakes set, and maintaining a balance with difficulty on top of the log, he pointed as best he could, seeming to realize his loss of dignity in the absurd position he was compelled to assume. The

(Continued on page 124)

This magazine at $1.00 per year is a gift—subscribe NOW.

The Greatest Angling Classic

By GEORGE V. TRIPLETT

There is a revival of interest in old Izaak Walton and his famous book of four centuries ago.

Illustration by Audubon Tyler

ALMOST every age since the dawn of letters has produced some distinctive writer whose work has outlived its own day and generation and won a permanent place among the world's great classics. Homer, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Boccaccio, Dante, Milton—someone, sometime, somewhere, somehow has given us something that has lived. However, we can name off hand, the books that have achieved such immortality. The mortal list runs into the millions. To make a book live one must put into it something more than mere words. Mere wizardry of the pen can not do it. It must carry a message, some common appeal to the heart and understanding. And if perchance one can clothe such message in felicitous language, with a touch of the quaint and a flavor of wisdom, and season it with the essence of truth, then is born a classic—perhaps one of the immortals.

In testimony whereof, witness our old friend Izaak Walton. He was a plain, even-tempered London tradesman, who was born at Stafford, December 9, 1593, and lived until December 15, 1693. His life-span covered almost a century—to quote one of his biographers: "From the golden days when Shakespeare, Jonson, Massinger and the rest of the Elizabethan singing birds nested in the Mermaid, to the soberer era when Dryden swayed the scepter of taste and letters at Will's Coffee House." Walton's days thus extended through one of the most eventful periods of his country's history; the days of Bacon, Sidney, Hampden, Cromwell, the Protectorate the Restoration; perilous days when they were cutting off Kings' heads for pastime and prone to lop off an honest tradesman's now and then for good measure. Very naturally all this tumult and shouting and beheading was very distasteful to an amiable and peace-loving angler like Izaak. What he yearned for was some quiet spot where the Roundheads and Cavaliers were not so continuously pestering decent folks. So when civil dudgeon rose too high in town, Izaak "put up his shutters, packed his rods and his tackle and hied away to the streams of quiet Staffordshire where the trout were leaping in the sunshine and the wary chub hung mid-deep in the shadows and the pike lurked solitary in his jungle under the lily pads."

If this had been all that old Izaak did, he would have gone on tranquilly living out his allotted span of ninety years and then dropped into the oblivion of some quiet English churchyard. But he did more than angle as he tramped along the banks of the Dove and the Lea and kept a look-out for hospitable sycamores under which to cache a modest flask of home-brew. He set down in good order the things he saw and heard and felt and thought—a little of everything tangible and intangible, imaginary dialogs, quaint conceits, bits of philosophizing and moralizing, observations about the weather, tributes to pretty milkmaids, discourses about hooks and lines and rods, how to catch fishes and how to clean them and how to cook them,—cheerful, wise, clean thoughts—"not any scurillity, but innocent, harmless mirth."

Such was the message of old Izaak, a homely, clean message, breathing the spirit of contentment and good will; the message of one who loved the sunshine and the out-of-doors and realized that though one be an angler—as he was—one still need not always go for fish, but may just go a-fishing, which is different. That's why the message lived.

Few books, certainly few others of its kind, have been accorded such widespread popular recognition as The Complete Angler. Moreover, every eminent writer for three hundred years has paid special tribute to its charm. "A work," says William Bowles, "the most singular of its kind, breathing the very spirit of contentment, of quiet and of unaffected philanthropy." William Bethune terms it "one of the most precious gems in the (English) language." William Hazlitt says: "The best pastoral in the language. . . . . While Tottenham cross shall stand, thy work, amiable and happy man, shall last." Alexander Cowgill declares that to all lovers of angling The Complete Angler will never cease to be a classic, while Charles Lamb says Izaak Walton "hallows any page on which his revered name appears." William E. Hanley says of Walton: "He had the purest and most innocent of minds, he was the master of a style as sweet, as refreshing and delightful as clean homespun sometime in lavender." Doctor VanDyke also accredits The Complete Angler with that "rare and imperishable quality called style" and renders this added tribute to old Izaak himself: "An honest, kindly man, satisfied with his modest place in the world, never doubting that it was a good world and that God made it. . . . . Few writers are more deserving of an earthly immortality, and none more sure of a heavenly one." And no angler who has his treasured Walton can fail to appreciate Eugene Field's apostrophe to his own copy—"that homely little brown thing with worn leaves": "My Walton, soon must we part forever; when I am gone, say unto him, who next shall have thee for his own, that with his last breath an old man blessed thee."

Thus all write—Major, Hawkins, Johnson, Hallam, Andrew Lang, Donald G. Mitchell, James Russell Lowell, Saintsbury, Gosse, Lord Grey and countless others scholars, poets, statesmen, warriors, preachers, laymen, hailing from the four corners of the earth.

There is more urgent need than ever for promulgating the healthful, sane spirit of this famous old classic and honoring anew its author. He, above all others, near four centuries ago, preached clean sport, deplored the contamination of his country's streams and pleaded for conservation and protection of fish life. Much water has run under the bridges since old Izaak's day, but his message is still fresh and forceful.

Many anglers already have their Complete Anglers, or at least have some knowledge of the book and its author. However, there are many others for whom such acquaintance remains a deferred pleasure. For their benefit, then, let us go a bit more into practical detail concerning the cost, various editions, etc., of this famous old book.

The Complete Angler did not appear until the year 1653, when its author was sixty years old. Four succeeding editions, more or less revised, the last of them containing Cotton's Part II, were issued before Walton's death. This series of earliest editions are known as the rarer ones of 1653, 1655, 1661, 1668 and 1676. Then there was a little hiatus of something like a hundred years until the notable Sir John Hawkins edition appeared. Since then editions of The Complete Angler have come thick and fast—more than a hundred of them—"of all shapes and sizes, from the tiny Pickering 48-mo to the imperial 8-vo of Sir Harry Nicolas; so that a man can choose whether he will read old Izaak in large print from a broad-margined page on a library table, or carry him in his pocket as Washington Irving did and read him under a beech tree, in a green meadow just by a spring of pure sweet water."

If cost be an imagined obstacle, then assurance can be readily given that there is no reason why any angler

should deny himself possession of this old classic. With a little diligence he can still secure a good copy, with the same text found in the most expensive editions, for about the same price he would pay for a passable cigar. My first pocket edition, one that accompanied me on many a pleasant pilgrimage, cost just ten cents, being an early issue of the Cassell Family Library, edited by John Morley. I gave this little copy to a venerable friend who said to me somewhat pathetically at a time when his angling days had become only a fireside retrospect: "I can't fish any more and about all the reading I do now is in my Bible and that little book you gave me." The National Library Walton was issued at only twenty-five cents and the well-edited Everyman edition for sixty cents. The handsome Crowell edition was also issued at sixty cents, and the Burt Home Library (Major) edition at but a few cents more. The famous Temple Classics edition, edited by Austin Dobson, sold for only forty-five cents and the fine little Oxford Walton cost from thirty-five cents up. Another English edition, the Warne & Company "Chandos," edited by G. Christopher Davies, cost only a shilling. Even the much-sought John Lane edition (the R. Le Gallienne Walton) sold for as low as $1.50, as did the excellent editions of other leading publishers. A very beautiful edition, issued by Doran, with twenty-five colored plates, could be obtained recently for only $5.00. In fact, nearly all the well-known publishers have issued very beautiful Waltons at popular prices and their finer editions at $2.50, $5.00, $10.00, $20.00, or more. Before book prices took such an upward slant or the choice Waltons became scarce, I saw many opportunities in the Bargain Lists to secure fine or rare copies of the Angler at nominal prices. Sometimes one could pick up a rare find for only a dollar or two, but it is needless to add that such opportunities have not been knocking at our doors so clamorously of late. In evidence, however, that we can still stumble across bargains, I note in a catalog just received an offering of the Wiley edition of 1859, much esteemed for its notes, with engraved portraits and plates, for only $3.00, and in another current catalog an offering of the well-known Beacon Edition, with introduction by James Russell Lowell, with its numerous fine illustrations, for only $6.00.

Happily there is an interesting middle ground that affords ample scope for exercising just an average hobby. One of the attractive offerings I have seen recently was a Nattali and Bond issue of Pickering's edition, with original memoirs and notes by Sir Harry Nicolas, with sixty steel engravings by Stothard, Inskipp and others. Royal 8-vo, half-red morocco. London, 1860. This is described as a fine copy and is listed at only $18.00. The same dealer offers a fine set of the choice tercentenary edition, 2 vols. 4-to. Samuel Bagster & Sons, London, 1893. This is a sumptuous set, with 53 illustrations, some in color, by famous artists and engravers. It was listed at $20.00, and I congratulate the fortunate brother who secured it. Another recent catalog contains an unusual offering of choice Waltons. A fine uncut copy of the first Bagster (Hawkins) edition, London, 1808, is offered for $25.00. The Bethune edition, New York, 1847, blue morocco, with the valuable list of angling books, is offered for $30.00. The favorite Chiswick edition, gray speckled calf, London, 1826, with many woodcuts, is offered for $35.00. A second edition Pickering, tree calf, with artist's proofs, 2 vols., London, 1860, is only $50.00.

The two real bargains of this catalog, however, are a rare original Fourth edition, "printed for R. Marriot and to be sold by Charles Harper, at this shop, the next door to the Crown near Sergeant's Inn in Chancery Lane." London, 1668. Price $175.00. The other is the Pickering First edition, illustrated by Stothard and Inskipp, engraved by Worthington, Fox and others, 2 vols., Imperial 8-vo. London, 1836. $200.00. This is one of the much-sought Waltons and no doubt was promptly landed by some ardent angler.

The angler who has acquired the genuine collecting habit and a bank account to match it, need not limit himself to mere paltry hundreds. If he chooses, he can sail up into the thousands for rare old Complete Anglers, just as he can take flyers for early Shakespeare folios and Gutenberg Bibles. At the same time, as I have shown, we average, contented brothers can stay down on earth and now and then pick up for a few cents or dollars just as good a Walton as anybody would want to hide down in a side pocket of his old fishing coat.

For those who have yet to acquire their Walton, and who may read it aright, there are many pleasurable hours ahead. Like some of us they will read it not only once, but many times, and with each reading they will discover new beauties in its gentle discourse and much of truth in its quaint philosophies.

"-Loiter long days near Shawford-brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day;
There meditate my time away,
And Angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave."

Izaak Walton

Barbless Even for Bait

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER
Vice-Pres. The Outlook Company

IT never occurred to me until a few days ago that the barbless hook was a practical proposition so far as bait fishing was concerned. Now I begin to see possibilities in its use, which I had never imagined for bass, perch and trout by those who delight in the unangular angleworm and the festive grasshopper.

The last two summers I have made my home upon the sea, exchanging, temporarily at least, the salt airs of the Atlantic coast for the mountain breezes of Northern Maine. So it happened that I was sitting the other evening with my feet dangling over the bow of my small schooner as she lay at anchor in Lloyd's Harbor. It may have been that a hint of approaching autumn in the air turned my thoughts to the closing of the fishing season and the last time I had cast a barbless hook over the brown waters of a northern stream. At any rate, the thought of fishing came to my mind and with it the remembrance of trout frying over a wood fire. Thus I was led to recall the prosaic fact that my larder at that moment could hold a few flounders and cunners without overflowing.

So I shucked a few clams, baited a hand-line and started to drop it over the side. Now hand-lining is not my idea of the greatest of sports. It answers well enough as a means of providing food, but it is a meat-hunting proposition at best.

Just as my heavy sinker plopped into the water a thought plopped into my head and I drew in my line again and went below. In a locker filled with spare parts and tools I unearthed an ancient file and returned to the deck. Laying my sturdy and unpoetic hook on a spare board I filed off its barb so smoothly that the point of the hook could be thrust through my handkerchief without catching. Two minutes later a large cunner was flopping in a pail at my side. He was followed at various intervals by other cunners, a few flounders, a skate, the inevitable sculpin or two, and a croaker who arrived, I must confess, with the hook inserted in his tail.

There were several small cunners which I released without lifting them over the side and some, it must be added, who released themselves before they even arrived at the surface of the water. What surprised me most of all was the fact that a soft bait could be kept on a barbless hook with reasonable security. As anyone who has fished on the coast knows, a cunner is one of the most expert bait stealers in or out of captivity. Sarah Orne Jewett has borne testimony to that fact—as readers of Deephaven will remember. I have at times thought that cunners taught their young to steal bait just as we train our children to play golf or tennis and that the bait-stealing tournament of the North Atlantic must be one of the great sub-aqueous amusements of the summer season. If such a tournament is held I am willing to bet my book of flies against any triple-pointed gang of barbed fish-killers (I can think of nothing of less interest or value), that the championship, open and amateur, is held by some husky member of the cunner tribe.

All of which is perhaps a digression from the main point of my story. If a sea fish can be caught on a barbless hook on a hand-line, there is no reason at all why fishermen who use bait with light rods for inland water fishing should not successfully employ this delightful weapon. There is no give to a hand-line. As soon as a fish stops pulling on a line it goes slack. With a rod, however, there is always a chance of keeping a taut line no matter what the fish does.

Won't some of the members of the Izaak Walton League try out the barbless hook as a bait-fishing proposition in some pond where the bass or perch are in generous quantities? The chances are that if they will try this experiment and persuade their friends to do likewise, the bass and perch will always remain there in generous quantities, for small, undersized fish can by this means be returned in almost absolute safety to the water. Of course the fish that paunches the hook is a gone fish no matter whether the hook be barbed or not. But there will be fewer fish whose widows will fail to collect on their husband's insurance policies if the barbless hook is used than if the old style barb is employed.

Whenever you can, try out the barbless hook and let our Monthly know the results.

Famed Americans Favor Barbless Hooks

MR. GEORGE E. SCOTT, of Chicago, whose name is enrolled on the League's Pioneer Roll of Honor, Mr. Scott having taken out a hundred dollar life membership, is an ardent and high principled angler. He is the President of the Coleman Lake Club at Goodman, Wis., and the First Vice President of the American Steel Foundries. His letter proves his interest in the barbless hook:

"I was attracted by a notice in the last issue of the League's magazine stating that the Weber Lifelike Fly Company of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, had just received a large importation of barbless hooks. This interested me very much and I have ordered eight dozen to be tied with various types of flies which I have found most attractive. I am going to distribute these among some of my friends to have the barbless hook given a fair trial. I believe it will add much to the sport of catching trout, and I am also certain that it will save the lives of many undersized trout which are hooked and afterwards liberated.

"I hope that the use of this style hook will prove to be as interesting as I expect, and that the use of it will not result in the loss of so many trout that we shall have to abandon it.

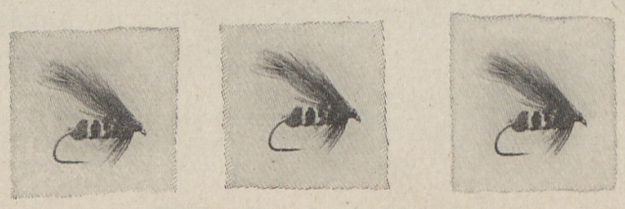
"The anglers of America are indebted to Mr. Pulsifer for the introduction of this idea and I hope he will continue his efforts to make it popular."

MR. ORRIN A. DE MASS, of Detroit, Mich., President of the Wayne County Sportsman's Association, which recently affiliated with the Izaak Walton League, is an angler of the greatest skill and highest ethics.

Mr. De Mass has just made his first trial of the barbless hook and his enthusiasm is unbounded. He writes:

"In a recent trip into Northern Michigan I received from a fellow fisherman my greatest lesson in clean sportsmanship; an initiation into the use of the barbless hook. Nothing in my long experience as a seeker of the

(Continued on page 122)



"Wasted—A Royal Inheritance"

By THE EDITOR

MY FELLOW SPORTSMEN, what are you personally doing to save sports afield and astream in these United States, and what are you doing to save America's wild places and wild things? Is your conscience resting easy upon this vital and important subject? Have you any doubt in your own mind that unless extraordinary efforts are made, and made at once, that the boy born today is already foredoomed to have no field sports and no sports astream? Do you know that eighty percent of all the streams of your country are polluted? Do you know that the old swimming hole of your boyhood is ninety-nine chances to one hundred loaded with disease germs and that the little boy who swims in it and plays in it, as you did when you were a boy, is apt to be smitten with some evil germ?

Do you know that it is easier and cheaper to get good fishing in England, France, Germany and Norway than it is in these United States? If you read our September issue, you must have read the words of Dr. Henry Van Dyke, one of the greatest living Americans, who told you that this is so. Don't you believe that something must be done, and done quickly?

In our September issue, Zane Grey, that great writer, hunter and fisherman, has asked you: "Do you want to preserve something of America for your son? Do you want him to inherit something of the love of outdoors that made our pioneers such great men? Do you want him to be manly, strong, truthful, and brave? Do you want him to be healthy? Do you want him, when he grows to manhood, to scorn his father and his nation for permitting the wanton destruction of our forests and the depletion of our waters?"

Do you know that the Izaak Walton League of America has aroused Uncle Sam himself and that he will act if you will do your part and come into this National Organization and help us to bring it home to our nation that we are not only cheating and robbing ourselves but the boys and girls of the future as well? Surely your conscience tells you to join in with the principled sportsmen of the nation before it is too late. Do you know that a million Americans must come into this League before we can command the state and federal governments to do their duty? Do you know a million Americans can force our state and federal governments to give us fifty hatcheries and fifty wild game farms for each one we have now?

Do you know that Emerson Hough has said of the Izaak Walton League: "If it also shall fail, then all hope of outdoor America also has failed and failed forever?" Do you know the sportsmen of this country are making their last stand and that you will be really committing a sin unless you put your shoulder to the wheel and help us to restore something of the outdoor America of only a generation ago?

Here is a short article sent to our magazine by Harry J. Lyons, an Illinois sportsman of high principle. He has entitled his article: "Wasting a Royal Inheritance" and I hope you will read it:

"On September 11th, I had the privilege of paying a semi-annual premium on a life insurance policy. When a man of over fifty can take out additional insurance, he has reason to feel happy about the physical condition that made it possible. In common with many, many others, such health as I have, I honestly attribute to benefits received from contact with Nature in the great outdoors on countless fishing and hunting trips. A week in the wilds restores energy and renews interest in life. Therefore, in a true sense, those of us who worship the "red gods," and who seek renewal of waning powers in excursions afield, regard the great unspoiled outdoors as a priceless inheritance that has been handed down to us, that we have fruitfully enjoyed, and that we wish to leave undiminished to our children and grandchildren.

It hurts us deeply to see spendthrifts tampering with the "capital" of the glorious outdoor inheritance today existing in forest and lake and stream. We cannot understand why men will deliberately destroy hoggish quantities of fish and game. We know from the depletion already in evidence that wild life can be utterly exterminated, or at least reduced to such paltry numbers that all hunting and all fishing comes to a stop.

It is not in a spirit of insulting criticism that we want game and fish hogs brought to book and made to see the error of their ways. We want to preserve good fishing and hunting for the posterity of those short sighted men, too. And, properly managed, our unnumbered lakes and streams will furnish good sport forever for all the people of America.

We all know men successful in business or professions, good husbands and fond fathers, cautious in the extreme about their families' future, who have made due provision for the comfort of those whom they must leave behind, but who destroy wild life without thought of those who are to come after them. GAME-WASTERS AND FISH-HOGS NEED EDUCATING.

They need to know that decent men do not "kill everything in sight," nor catch all the fish possible. They need to learn that God's green woods and inspiring mountains and lovely waters are places where ethics of sportsmanship should be observed, and that civilized man should be ashamed of a lust for pure slaughter. You tell 'em. Don't cuss them; educate 'em."

I appeal to you, my brothers, to not only subscribe for this magazine, **but to induce others to do the same.** Understand, our magazine is dedicated to outdoor America. Ask yourself this question—How much has Outdoor America done for me and now that her wild places and wild things **need help, am I going to give this help?** The only answer is **YES.** Therefore, subscribe for our magazine—at $1.00 per year **it is a gift.** If you can't start an Izaak Walton Chapter in your own home town take out a membership-at-large—it costs an additional dollar. It is a **plain duty for you to do both.**

Membership-at-large coupon

IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA
326 W. Madison St.
CHICAGO

Date_____

You may enter my name for membership-at-large in the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA and send me membership card and I. W. L. A. button to the address given below.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's membership from date.

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IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY COUPON

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Gentlemen:

You may enter my subscription for one year at $1.00 to the IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MONTHLY, DEFENDER OF AMERICA'S OUT OF DOORS.

Enclosed find $1.00 to cover one year's subscription from date.

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If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.

At $1.00 per year this magazine is a gift—subscribe NOW.

A Kentucky Fishin' Kid

By WILLIAM SCHWERIN

A Kentucky Boy's Vacation on Duck River

HAVING received a cordial invitation from Mr. Tom Petrie, of Nashville, Tenn., to join him on a fishing trip to Duck river, I arrived at his home one day in June, 1922, and we spent the day in preparation for the outing, and started the next morning at 4 a. m. for camp. We arrived at our objective point, Powell's Mill, at 10 p. m. the same night. Had we been paid to make the journey we never would have undertaken it, but this was a vacation and a different proposition.

We had a Ford, 1916 model, which was loaded until the springs creaked, and a trailer on which was an 18-foot boat, that was also loaded to its full capacity, and it was a wonder that we got there. But we were out for a good time and took everything philosophically. We arrived at camp tired but happy, and after a good hot supper forgot everything but our anticipated fishing.

Our party consisted of four perfect gentlemen and good sportsmen, Mr. Tom, Mr. Frank, Mr. Ed. and myself, with the colored contingent, the two paddlers Sid. and Will, and uncle John, the cook; and some cook he was, too, and I got on the right side of him at once. I have always found it advisable to be on good terms with the commissary department. As a consequence I gained seven pounds on the trip.

The river was muddy and high, so that no fish were caught for two days. On the third day Mr. Tom and I went down the river as I was becoming somewhat impatient to use the split-bamboo bait rod I made last winter. Mr. Tom used a cane pole about 12 feet long fitted with reel-seat and guides, a type of rod used in that section. Will paddled the boat, slowly down stream, keeping it just far enough from shore to allow us to fish the little pockets and about the roots of big trees. Mr. Tom was in the middle of the boat and I in the bow, giving me the advantage on account of my short rod of 8 feet.

We fished down the stream half a mile without a strike. Then I dropped my minnow between two rocks standing above the surface. For an instant I hardly knew what had happened. My rod was almost jerked from my hand and the line burnt my fingers as it left the reel. With a little coaching from Mr. Tom I stopped the fish, and after breaking water several times it quieted down and was landed by Will. It weighed two pounds and was a fair sample of the small-mouth black bass of Duck River.

My little rod held up fine, with a true bend in the upper two-thirds, though the butt would have been better with a little more backbone, but altogether I would call it a very good rod for my first effort in split-bamboo. No more fish were caught that day.

After dark we lighted the lamps and went frog hunting. The man in the bow of the boat held a kind of landing net with the handle set at a peculiar angle. By paddling the boat head on up to the blinded frog, and holding the net before him the frog would jump into the net. We caught nearly a dozen big bull frogs. Mr. Frank and Mr. Ed also went fishing and frogging, and their success was equal to ours. The next few days were spent in a similar manner, fishing in the early morning and after breakfast. Then, maybe we would go after minnows in a small branch, or sit around cleaning our tackle and whittling. Then after dinner we would go fishing again, and so ad libitum—or anything else.

Such a fine time we had! Nothing to worry about, plenty to eat, even some one to cook it; and such appetites, living in the fresh air and not overburdened with clothes; with good fishing and all the pleasure of the out of doors, such as we had never experienced, but had long dreamed of. One day Mr. Tom called on a friend living nearby, and brought back a young goat. Uncle John, the cook, smiled all over his face and said. "Heah's wah Ise gwine fix you-all white fokes sumpin' de-lishus," and he did. He roasted it whole over a pit of live coals, and we had a barbecue to which our friends and neighbors were invited. The guests brought an abundance of other good things to eat, and we had a jolly time that evening. We reciprocated by furnishing them fish while we were on the river.

Mr. Frank and I, with Will the paddler, went fishing on the 3d of July, taking a lunch as we were to be gone all day. The day was pleasant but cloudy. The bass were in a biting mood and we were kept quite busy for awhile. Rounding an island I trolled my minnow close to the bank near the roots of a big tree. All at once there was something doing. Following a vicious strike a monster of a bass leaped into the air, followed by such rearing, jumping, whizzing as I never saw before. He seemed to have business near some rocks, and then fancied the roots of the tree, and he changed his mind so often that I could do nothing but hold him on a taut line and keep him away from danger. Will managed the boat so well that at last when the bass tumbled along on his side, Will had him in the net. He was a small-mouth and weighed four pounds down weight. Was I proud, oh, boy! Even Will, an old time expert in bass fishing gave me credit for the way I handled the bass on my little rod.

We went on up stream after securing our fish in a net in a cool, shady place until our return, as we wanted to keep them alive.

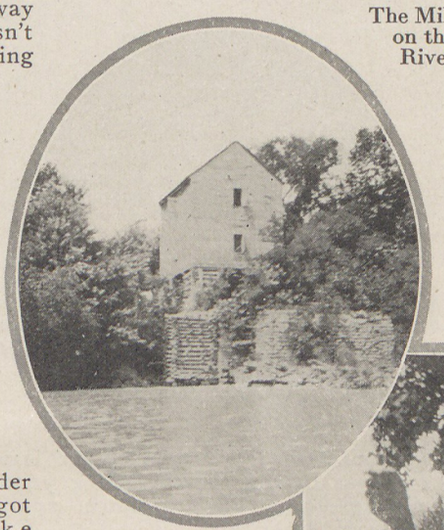
We hauled the boat over a mill-dam and after fishing an hour or two it began to rain, but in the meantime we got a number of vicious strikes. We turned back as the rain increased, and landed at the mouth of a cave, which we entered for shelter. It was called the "Cave of the old woman and her stove", as when looking into the cave from the river, there seemed to be the figure of an old woman bending over a stove, the illusion being caused by the peculiar formation of the stalagmites and stallactites. The cave was small but quite beautiful, and afforded us good shelter. We ate dinner here and waited for the rain to cease. Hearing a splash outside we saw a bass feeding close to the shore. I had a live minnow on my hook, and slipping out of the cave I cast it beyond the bass and reeled in slowly until near the fish, and then let it play naturally. Presently the bass struck it and rushed out into the river. I let him take twenty yards of line, when it slackened, and I thought he had spit out the bait. Then I discovered that he was swimming toward me. Swallowing the minnow he gave a few short tugs when I struck. It was just like turning a hungry

THIS fishing story was written as a letter to Dr. James A. Henshall by a Kentucky boy friend of his who is an enthusiastic Black Bass angler and makes his own rods.

In the words of Dr. Henshall: "He is young in years but old in angling experience. He is a true gentleman and a genuine sportsman." Praise indeed from one who is himself the highest type of angler, one of America's finest gentlemen, and the Dean of American fishermen.

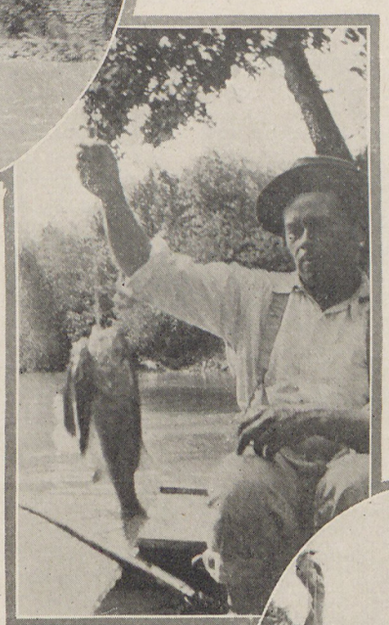
Dr. Henshall writes: "I think stories and opinions from the rising generation of fishermen should be encouraged, for it is they who must take up our work where we leave it. Their minds are young and vigorous. Their youth is buoyant and impressionable and we must educate them to the importance of conservation and encourage them to give expression to their ideas on this subject."

dog into a pan of meat. Once he jumped, clearing the water almost three feet. I judged him to weigh more than three pounds. Mr. Frank got very excited, and in trying to assist me in landing the fish allowed the line to slacken for an instant when away went the bass. Isn't it a strange feeling to reel in an empty hook after having all of ten pounds of fighting green and silver battling for freedom?



The Mill on the River

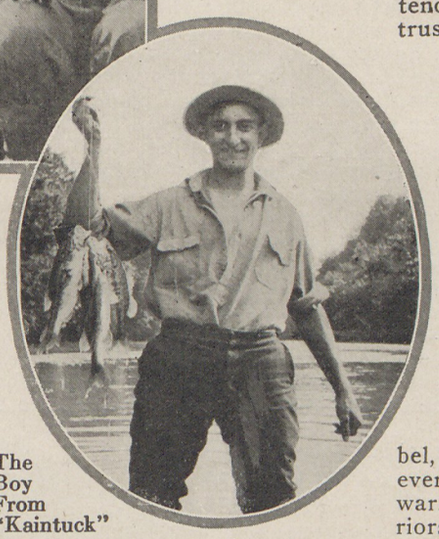
The rain continued all afternoon but we made the best of it and returned to the dam, and fished the swift water under it. Mr. Frank got a savage strike from a heavy fish and played it in a masterly way that was even a credit to his many years of experience. Will had a hard time keeping the boat headed up stream and in the best position to favor Mr. Frank in playing the fish, on account of the swift water and high wind. Suddenly the bass turned toward the angler, and giving a mighty leap landed squarely in the boat! It was late when we got to camp that night, wet and tired; but after a good, hot supper we spent a pleasant time talking over the events of the day; the big strikes, and how the big ones had gotten away.



"Uncle" John Was Some Cook

At the end of three weeks the time began to drag a bit, and the weather became very hot, so that we could fish only in the early morning, and we all seemed rather lazy. At the end of the fourth week we had some 30 pounds of fish in the live box, and on the last Friday we gave a fish fry for the neighbors, who brought with them fruit, ice cream and cake, and we surely had a fine spread. Fried fish and hot corn bread was the chief dish of the evening.

The following Sunday we broke camp, Mr. Frank and Mr. Turner going to Columbia, with uncle John and Sid. Mr. Tom and I, with Will, left in our flivver, leaving the trailer behind; but even then we had trouble from the start. Two miles from camp, the Ford went crazy, but I drove 17 miles to the nearest Ford service. If the machine had balked we would have had to be towed in. Even the brakes went wrong and I could not stop. I ran over a pig's ear and bumped a cow off the road. On arriving at the garage I judged the distance, shut off the engine, and stopped about a foot from the back wall. After the mechanic had worked five hours on it the flivver was all right again, and we reached Nashville that night. The next day I left for Kentucky, having had the time of my young life.



The Boy From "Kaintuck"

Brother Eagle

By A. ROAMER

WHILE hunting in Ohio, near Oak Harbor, I saw an eagle's nest, built of brush—a tangled pile that fairly dominated the top of a tall tree, which stood at the corner of a small patch of wood. There in plain view from the highway, and farm home, this lord of the air had dared to build his fort!

He dared me—the sight challenged me—I felt the thrill of desire to hunt—the lust to kill. Long I gazed up into that stately tree and mused about the life of this great wild bird.

He was created, even as a hunter of game; he feasts upon the hare even as I; he loves the natural elements, and the freedom and pleasures of the great outdoors. His forests have been fell'd and his rights restricted.

Normally, Mr. Eagle, you are my enemy. I would kill you and yours lest you harm the young of my kind. Your stern visage and wicked eye does not portend a safe and trusted friend. I would but imitate your unconquered spirit—and borrow for a time the stern visage, the wicked eye, and strong beak with which to rend the obstructors of our common cause. Our souls rebel, you are at war, even as I too am at war. We are warriors; as a warrior I salute you—Brother Eagle.

IN FUTURE ISSUES

"It will give me great pleasure to write something for your magazine." —*Robert W. Chambers.*

"I am going to do something for your magazine just as soon as I can."—
James Oliver Curwood.

"I shall be glad to do some sort of story for you."— *Rex Beach.*

"I will be only too glad to write an editorial for you."— *Harold Titus.*

"I shall, of course, be delighted to send you something for the magazine."—
Archibald Rutledge.

"I want you to know that I want to help you in the work you are undertaking."—*George Ade.*

Minnesota's Moose

By DONALD HOUGH

An important document to every lover of Outdoor America

THERE are not many moose left in these United States.

This big, lumbering fellow, the largest animal on the North American continent, and the most stupid and lovable, is following the bison to oblivion so rapidly that, in the ultimate reckoning, his passing will seem to have been the result of one tremendous volley, thoughtlessly fired by an army of selfish hunters who could see no farther ahead than the front sights of their guns.

The hunters of this country have no moral right to dedicate to themselves the disappearing remnant of a mighty animal, especially of an animal which has so wide a general appeal as has the moose.

The moose belongs to one, with a rifle, no more than it does to another, who carries a camera. He belongs no more to the hunter than he does to the naturalist.

There are more persons who enter the woods in Minnesota, for instance, to observe or to photograph the moose, than there are who enter it to kill him. Killing him, driving him away, exterminating him for the pleasure of the moment, is the last note in selfishness under these circumstances.

An ancient law makes the moose a game animal. This law was drafted when the moose were very numerous. It has nothing in common with the present, when moose are on the verge of extinction and hunters increasing by the thousands each year. The time has come now when the moose is in danger of annihilation—when thousands of persons are being cheated out of ever seeing a moose, cheated out of the sport of stalking him, by the utter selfishness of hunters—and **it is time for action.**

It is a hideous thing, when you stop to think of it, to go out into the woods, shoot a moose, cut off his head, nail it up in your house and leave the carcass of the moose to rot, thereby doing your bit toward annihilating—**for all time to come**—one of the last great animals of America.

This country is growing, changing rapidly. Conditions are changing faster than man is accustomed to change his habits. It is time for somebody to dust off his desk, take a clean sheet of paper, forget all the laws that have ever been passed, put down the number of animals, the number of hunters, and then make laws that fit.

The moose in this country are found in Wyoming, in Maine, in Minnesota.

Those in Minnesota, some 3,000 in number, have got to be protected by law—permanently.

If they are not, they will be wiped off the map, and the largest stronghold of the moose in the United States will become a mighty wilderness full of chipmunks.

The problem of the moose in Minnesota is not a state question, but a national one. The people of Minnesota are holding in their hands the fate of virtually the last of the moose in this country. It is a national trust. The people of Minnesota have no moral right to kill off these animals.

For five months I was a forest ranger in the Superior National Forest, comprising most of Northeastern Minnesota and the heart of the moose country. Since then I have talked to many hunters, and to others acquainted with the situation, and I have been convinced that a permanent closed season is the only means of saving the moose of Minnesota.

Game refuges will not do it. About half of the moose in the state are in the Superior game refuge, which is practically the same as the Superior Forest, and the rest

(Continued on page 114)

"The people of Minnesota have no moral right to kill off these animals."

"A permanent closed season is the only means of saving the moose of Minnesota."

Lionel Phillips Philosophizes Some

ANTI-PISTOL LEGISLATION

THIS problem is one that concerns every red-blooded citizen, every lover of liberty, and every lover of the outdoor life. The fact that Ye Scribe has attacked this problem in another outdoor magazine may lead some of the League members to believe that he is repeating himself, to others however, it may be an entirely new problem, and to all it is one that deserves serious consideration.

What is this problem? Merely one more attempt at the hands of the minority to curtail the liberty and safety of the citizens of this country of ours. We are all familiar with the recent wave of lawlessness that has rolled over the United States; our newspapers are filled with the details of the horror. We are all familiar with the chaos of lawmaking that has resulted from the great crime wave, and in a futile attempt to stem the tide our legislatures are busy grinding out laws and still more laws, without regard for cause or effect. For some time, not satisfied with their recent work, the reformers of the long haired men and short haired women class have been busy advocating the prohibition of interstate commerce in pistols and revolvers by lobbying at the national capitol in favor of the passage of a law to accomplish this purpose. Naturally, they have a reason to advance for the passage of such a law, and their reason to the superficial thinker appears to be a logical one. Their argument boils down to this—the majority of crimes are committed either with a revolver or pistol, or with the aid of such a weapon, hence, if there is what would amount to national prohibition of the sale of the weapons crimes will not be committed as easily or may cease entirely. Mr. Enright, Police Commissioner of New York, and an advocate of the anti-pistol law, has been quoted as saying in effect that the citizen should be disarmed because the burglar entering his house would have the drop on the citizen and that the citizen, suddenly awakened, might not be able to reach the weapon, all of which may be true, but still no proof that the criminal would cease from carrying a revolver simply because a law is passed to that effect.

If crimes would cease upon the passage of an anti-pistol law, every thinking man would unhesitatingly be in favor of such a legislation, just as he would be in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment were it to abolish the liquor question. Liquor is still to be obtained in practically all parts of our country, in spite of national prohibition, and bootleggers and foreign distillers are thriving on the recent amendment. In the same way, New York State has prohibited the selling of a revolver to the citizen for a number of years, with the only result that New York is notorious for the extent of the crimes committed in her borders.

Why should this be, my Brothers? Mainly because you and I, being law abiding citizens, would get rid of our revolvers and pistols, were we citizens of the Empire State, and thus be at the mercy of the criminal except for the casual attentions of an all too weak police force. On the other hand, the criminal, needing a weapon as much as the laborer needs pick and shovel and the fisherman needs a hook, carries one because he is lawless. He obeys no law of citizens when he enters in on his "profession" and would certainly break two laws as quickly as he breaks one law when he robs and steals. We admit that the revolver is a needed tool of the criminal, and we declaim that, being needed by him, the criminal will not obey a law that forbids his ownership of the needed weapon.

To argue that national laws forbidding commerce in the weapons would disarm the criminal is futile. The New York State burglar goes to New Jersey for his

(Continued on page 125)

CONCERNING THAT BIG ONE

WHETHER it is that fishermen dilate more on their experiences than other sportsmen do, or whether it is that fishermen have greater opportunity to gather story material in their numerous combats with finny warriors, and a longer open season during the winter fishing around the log fires; the fact remains that not only fish stories of a certain kind but also other vivid experiences of the outdoors are labelled "fish stories."

Many of them are the direct result of perverted contests in angling. In place of a prize for the angler who catches the greatest number of fish during the season and returns them all, uninjured, to the water, we have a prize for the fellow who catches the biggest fish of the season, after the fish has been measured, weighed, photographed, certified, and finally mounted on a board. If the biggest fish always was captured by the most skilled angler, such a contest might be reasonable, but such is rarely the case. In place of a contest for the anglers who have made one fish grow where none before existed, we have trials to discover the greatest number of fish that have been taken with Whoosit's Lures, so that Whoosit can advertise his particular lure as being capable of taking fish out of dishpans or any other place where four or five quarts of water have gathered together. However, ye scribe is getting off the track. He started on the telling of a fish story with a moral attached, and one dedicated to those anglers who have a firm conviction that the biggest fish always get away.

Many books have been written about the glories of trout fishing, but Ye Scribe deserts the brooks as soon as the bass season opens to indulge his passion for capturing small-mouth bass via the flyrod route in the rapids and white water of his favorite river.

One day, early in July, Ye Scribe was casting a Professor attached to a tiny trout spoon when he had a rise resembling the belt of a thirty-thirty slug against a brick wall. Picture, if you can, the angler braced against the impact of a ten-mile-an-hour current, the line humming like a telegraph wire in a gale, and the slender rod bending to the plunges of a white water bass. Under these conditions, handling a small-mouth is similar to tying a stick of dynamite to a hundred feet of line and waiting to see what will happen, for it is only by luck that a big bass can be brought to net in our fast water, full as it is of sharp edged rock ledges and with the full force of a mountain river to impede the angler in his search for a firm foothold.

What with the power of the strike, the force of the current, and the excitement of combat, the conclusion was that one of the big fellows of the river, ordinarily defiant of any attempt of capture, had fallen a victim to the feathered lure. The old single action hummed and screeched as the fish tore downstream, and quicker than it takes to tell the story, the line and part of a tapered leader flew back at the angler as the bass made his way to the security of a rock ledge in the midst of the white water. Everyone knows that a two-pound test leader is just about four times as strong as is necessary for any bass or trout, so the conclusion was that it must have been "some" fish to have broken his bonds so easily. At least Ye Scribe so decided, and returned to the cabin with a brand new story of losing a "big bass" to add to his collection of fishing yarns.

The story was accepted in good faith, for many a local follower of Izaak Walton had tried conclusions with the big bass of the rapids and had come off the scene of battle a poor second. That old saw about "the biggest fish always get away" was taken out of the moth balls and presented with the air implying a brand new idea

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This magazine at $1.00 per year is a gift—subscribe NOW.

The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES

THEY say that there is something of the Amazon, something tigerish and untamed in all of us. At any rate, it is a fact that at hint of harm or danger to our children or those we love, women become embued with the strength and deadliness of slender swords. And we women of America are now being called upon to help guard our children's most desired inheritance, that heritage which our forbears wrested from the savage and which is threatened now by extinction from no lesser savagery—carelessness, cruelty and greed.

This heritage is Outdoor America—a heritage far more precious than Grandmother's silver tea set or that property on Main Street,—the clean, quiet lakes, the countless clear, swift streams, the great green forests, where one who knows them can find solace for every mortal ill.

Nothing will bring greater health and manliness to our sons, nor greater health and beauty to our daughters than life in the open, along the trails, a-paddle on the streams.

Emerson Hough, great painter of splendid outdoor men and women, and himself an outdoor man to the core, writes: "There is no actual beauty except that of health and physical fitness. No means has yet been discovered so good as life in the open air to bring good digestion, good circulation, good lines and good looks to the average woman."

Assuredly, no better gift could the good fairies have bestowed upon a child, be it man or woman child, than an inherent love of outdoors, and for full good fairy measure, parents who encourage that love.

The following article by Mrs. Green, whose writings are becoming more and more known to Outdoor lovers, carries a strong appeal to the American mother.

MARGUERITE IVES

A Million Fathers and a Million Mothers

By LOLA GREEN

I HAVE just been reading Zane Grey's appeal to American fathers to save "vanishing America" for their boys. He writes: "The mighty and unquenchable spirit of a million fathers could accomplish much."

There are a million mothers whose spirit would be just as unquenchable. Even those of us who have no sons are no less concerned. We may have daughters—sweet, brown and wholesome.

And it may not be amiss to also take them seriously into account. For after the fathers with sons have saved the lovely bits of God's handiwork—places where their boys may go even as they themselves have gone to sweep the sordidness out of their hearts, to "lift their eyes unto the hills" from whence cometh their strength, to ease their cares and gain a true sense of values—perhaps we mothers with daughters will have given to these sons, wives that are petulant, selfish, frivolous and hysterical; wives that can neither be taken nor yet left behind! Then of what avail the beckoning fields and streams and forests?

Yet it is no one's fault but our own—we Marthas troubled with many things—if we seem to be a factor not worth taking into account when danger threatens "the natural beauty of wild places." It has been our heritage too; the love of these things has been as deeply implanted in our hearts. It has been our choice, this bartering away of priceless privileges, for the foolish little things that each day force our thoughts into a confine more narrow, grind our nerves to an edge more ragged! Instead of regarding the trip afield as an unrivaled opportunity to prove ourselves companionable, we have been first astonished, then angered, at its subtle power to rob our fireside. It has too often seemed an enemy to be thwarted by fair means or foul.

I remember two callers who came soon after we had set up housekeeping in the new home; the younger to condole, the older to warn. You see this husband of mine belonged to the mysterious order of fox-hunters—strange creatures whom few things in the heavens above or the earth below can keep at home on a damp, foggy night. The younger caller said:

"I feel so sorry for Dorothy. She never goes anywhere. Just has to sit at home while Ralph is off fishing or hunting."

My chin went up. The last few nights had been damp and foggy.

Then the older said:

"Well, it is not so bad in the daytime. But no man should expect a woman to stay all by herself in a farm house at night!"

I had been thinking something similar myself, but she should never suspect it!

"Why, I never even dream of being afraid," I laughed.

"Well, all I've got to say is, you are a fool if you ever let him find it out. You had better pretend to be. He would stay at home if he thought you were afraid. Otherwise he will get worse and worse."

"Oh, if I get tired staying by myself, I'll just go fox-hunting too," I said carelessly. I will never forget their horrified stares.

Nevertheless I went. Not often, but enough to pierce the black mystery and learn the charm of it.

The untimely demise of my husband's favorite pair of hounds put a damper on his ardor. One spring day he came home with a new rod and reel. It was the first I had ever seen. Surely, somewhere way back in the past, I must have had an ancestor with a passion for angling, for that rod had an inexplicable fascination for me. I could not keep my hands off it. I recalled the sad fate of Dorothy. Plainly, it was my duty to purchase a like outfit.

The old obsession for the hunting horn on foggy

(Continued on page 119)

CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM, whose charming stories are known to everyone in America, writes us: "I am extremely interested in the conserving of all outdoor loveliness, and though I am very busy on a book and play, so much so that I would not write an article for anybody for money, if I knew of anything I could say to forward your important and beautiful work, I would stop and say it. Please believe in the sincerity of my interest."

THE writer of these letters is a woman, young, delicate, talented and accustomed to every luxury. A woman whose breeding, beauty, charm and wit made her an enviable position in her world.

From childhood she was possessed by an ardent love of "outdoors," a desire for the simplicity, the freedom and the wholesomeness of the country, the woods and the wild places.

Then an unhappy marriage and the death of one of her little sons, followed by three years of serious illness, and a woman of twenty-six, a complete nervous wreck was the result.

In her extremity she heard the far off call of the red gods ever ready to help and heal. All the accumulated and denied longings of years swept over her. She visioned a certain little log cabin far up in the mountains and instantly her decision was made—"I shall spend the winter in the woods." She will be completely snowbound.

Her letters reach me irregularly, mailed by occasional passing hunters or trappers. An unusual winter experience for a woman of her type but she will surely gain that strength and understanding and perfect peace which is the gift of the mountains and the streams and the great, green places to us all.

MARGUERITE IVES

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

"Li'l Cabin O' Logs"
Valley O' God
October

DEAR OUTDOOR WOMAN:

Much has happened since I've seen you. At last my li'l girl dream has come true. I am in the Woods, and alone, that is, without the mere male. Son, who is looking forward to being seven in January, my two pedigreed Police dogs, Vel Speis Hoelhuft and Palisade Portia Derf, and two yellow bunnies of Son's named Tag and It; these comprise my family.

I know you are curious to know how it happened so briefly, I'll tell you. As you remember, pneumonia twice and the "flu," besides traveling all over has been my lot for the past three years. Add it all up and the sum total, according to Dr. Weirs, is NERVES. Ugh! How I dislike the word.

The doctor was with me in August, last summer, talking facts,—he called them, as I lay on a couch and watched the ever changing sea as a background to Son and his nurse on the beach. I wasn't listening to him. I was letting my fancy take me a bit west and more north over the mountains to a valley where I knew of a li'l cabin o' logs.

(Have the family told you I have found real love at last and am to quite bury the past in the future, beginning next Junetime?) Wherefore I made up my mind while the dear old doctor was prescribing nurses and gruels for me that I would go into the woods for the winter. I'd make it a kill or a cure. No man wants a woman with nerves and I couldn't do justice to my great Future until I was well. Twenty-six and like a burned out battery.

Interrupting the medico, I bombshelled my decision and had threats, pleadings and "argifyings," as Mammy used to say, but I remained unchanged.

So September first saw us land at the li'l station of C——, where Mr. D. met us with a John Henry and trailer. Aside from the family to whom I have introduced you there were four trunks, a fifty-pound sack of dog food, two huge cases, two smaller ones, a ten gallon can of oil, and a box of groceries nearly as large as the car; also an immense box of flowers given me by pitying friends.

Our trip in was rocky. After passing the farm, where, with sufficient inspiration to walk a four-mile round-trip from the cabin, one can purchase milk, we had a blow-out. The roads were fearfully dusty and the rocky river's song of June was stilled now; but the sun shone bravely and little lamb like clouds gamboled in their field of blue so I reveled in that and tried to forget the dust which quite choked us.

Getting started again we really sped by the grey, weather stained house of "The Dearest Lade" of whom I shall tell you later, and up the blackberry grown road to the cabin's drive. Almost up and John Henry struck. The trailer right angled off into a slope of underbrush and live stock and people came near pyramiding right there—a fitting monument to a woman's "wild whim," as the cabin's owner said when he loaned the wee place to me.

Mr. D. found a wheelbarrow and while he brought up the luggage I unlocked camp and ripped off shutters (skin too), wickedly wishing the doctor could see me.

Meanwhile Son was diving into his

Sonny, who wears 'em all day

Vel—Not a Wolf

Vel and His Mistress

This magazine at $1.00 per year is a gift—subscribe NOW.

own baggage to get a brand new pair of overalls. I heard him shout to Mr. D.: "Mother says I can wear 'em all day." My heart sang for the first time in days. What a real life after all for Son. Better far than a nurse maid and the city.

Li'l Cabin, 18 miles from a yeast cake.
Dear Outdoor Woman:—

I just had to stop my last letter telling you of our arrival in the Woods. Deed, I didn't want to but the cabin had to be aired, couches and bed straightened and water brought up from the spring, a two minute walk. I discovered the cold cellar had caved a bit so that was shovelled out, yes, I myself did it. I admit the shovel seemed of mammoth proportions but I managed. Son brings the water now in five pound lard pails and he carries three pails at a time, just wish you could see him.

The flowers are still alive and do cheer the cabin so. That is what I shall miss the most from the city but there is an abundance of evergreen here and I am enameling empty coffee cans black then stenciling gay designs upon them with a burnt match. Filled with evergreen the effect is lovely. And I have built with Son's aid, a rather decent house for Tag and It out of an empty Victrola box.

To-day the top and eastern side of Great Bear Mountain turned. The old tote road wound like a grey ribbon in and out of the scarlets, emphasized against the background of evergreen. Such a flaming of Hope, of Courage, I could understand the Nature worshippers of old.

Last night the moon was full, it turned my li'l cabin and clearing into gold, only the clumps of virgin birch stayed silver neath the golden light, too pure to even turn at the call of the moon, I reckon. I watched it from the porch until a rush of memories drowned the music of Aldervadian Brook and drove me in to bed.

As I lay and watched the golden bars across the cabin floor the dogs started to bark, that deep, growly bark of their's that means "intruder." By raising myself upon my elbow I could see the front of the clearing, and there stood a fox alert and golden too. For one brief moment he stood silhouetted on the edge of the path, then, as Vel's deep throated challenge rent the golden night, Sir Fox shot down from our knoll into the mysterious blackness of the woods.

I must describe Li'l Cabin to you. It is of huge logs chinked with cement within and moss without. Six windows in the living room give one mountains at all angles. So I have six ever changing pictures painted by the Master hand. There is a bit of a bedroom but with quite all one needs. Far different, I admit, from what once I though I must have but I am really living now. The kitchen too is small with a queer li'l wood stove which has tried my very soul. Let's leave it and hurry back to the living room.

Our snow shoes hang crossed on brackets of deer hoofs, my black and silver dragon tea-set adds what novelists call "that subtle touch of woman" but be that as it may it does brew mighty fine tea. Two book cases hold many treasures, there are three REAL chairs you would delight in and there are pipes and guns galore. They, no doubt will be lonely ere winter is over but they keep me strangely companioned and I dust them tenderly each day.

It is late, nearly nine, quite scandalous here. And a heap to do tomorrow; washing—well, someday I'll write you of that, primitive indeed it is. And wood to chop! I can't do much a day yet and must have a lot done before the snow but I'm making myself do a bit each day.

It is not all play and each day that brings winter nearer means one day nearer real endurance. But 'tis so worth it, Outdoor Woman. Son is becoming a real boy and knows nothing in the woods can hurt him; the dogs are both friends and protectors and I—well, I am adding a nice little column to balance that of the dear old doctor and my sum will total "Realness."

Goodnight,
Nan.

Dear Outdoor Woman:—

Yesterday being Sunday the Knoll Four celebrated by dressing up. Returning from our swim at three, Son donned a love of a yellow suit and I all white, even wore a hat so you see we were dressed up really. The dogs had an extra brush and their best collars. At four we started for the milk.

Vel was in the lead, Son and Portia in the center and I brought up the rear guard.

Suddenly Vel straightened into a point. I called sharply and whistled but he saw his animal and disobeyed. Two leaps into the firs and I saw an animal scuttle up a tree, Vel jumped once then, screamed and danced out of the woods on his hind legs, clawing his head and mouth from which flew blood and foam. The dreaded quill-pig, that detestable living needle cushion had left his long tail quills and short under quills in Vel.

He came to me and I snapped the leash on, dropped my milk pail and started back for "Dearest Lady's House." Son I left screaming in the road though I believe I bade him hush, and follow.

Run—did you ever run with fear clutching your heart, a ghastly, panicky fear? I knew I must get those quills greased to stop their working through Vel. He fought me every inch of the way, trying to stop and claw his head but every spasm meant broken and driven in quills. He weighs sixty five pounds and that of frenzied dog is no mean haul. I picked up my skirts and sprinted as I never have before or expect to again. Possibly a world's record was broken, I knew or cared not. When in sight of "Dearest Lady's" house I saw a MAN, yes really, and "Grease, grease," I screamed. He just looked and in his own words "saw the dust a flyin', a streak of white tugging what looked to be a wild thing with a small boy and dog trailing behind."

We procured the grease and after plastering Vel's muzzle and tongue on top and underneath and way down his throat, the task of getting the fiendish things out lay before me. As the man had been bitten by a dog once he was a bit fearful. He suggested putting Vel upon his back and pitch forking his head, that is putting the tines on either side of his throat, then while I held his feet the man would try to extract the quills. One might better have tried to pitch-fork lightning. I then tried to get upon Vel's back and hold him as you would a horse, but he threw me over his head as neatly and completely as ever any horse. By this time another man arrived upon the scene but the three of us were powerless to hold the dog. To be sure, in the hour's battle we managed to get out a few quills but it was like bailing a boat with a thimble.

Fortunately there were some fishermen up for Sunday, and one of the men helping, suggested sending for Mr. Loomis one of the party who had had a similar experience with his dog.

As Vel was positively frenzied by this time though he never offered to snap or even growl, I took him home, thinking alone I might calm him so he would allow me to take out the quills that were goading him so.

It was then six. I put Son to bed and from then until ten I sat upon the couch with Vel, tweezers in either hand, pleading, soothing, as he turned his head from side to side, trying to get a quill. Every few moments he would have paroxysms of rage but ever he was gentle with me. "Would he ever weaken," I asked myself. In the three and one half hours I had taken fifteen quills and then Mr. Loomis came with a helper.

"How much more can you stand?" he asked me.

"Anything to relieve him," I answered.

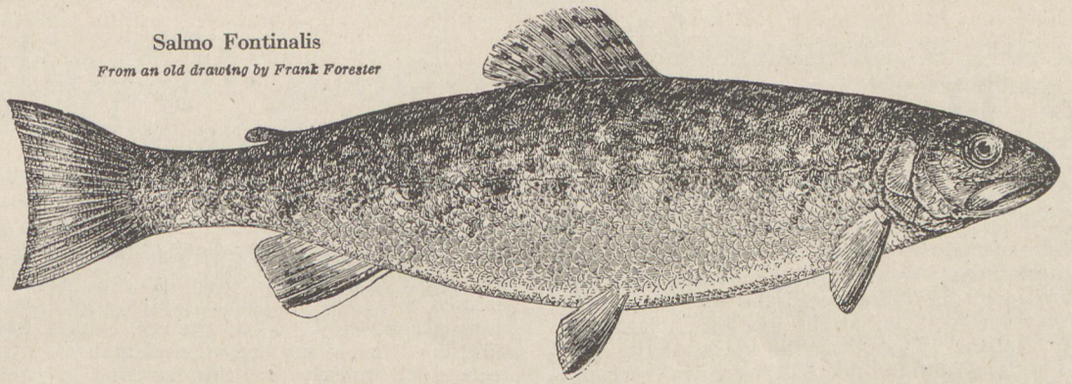
Mr. Brown, the helper, sat on the couch with Vel's body beneath it, his head between his knees while I following Mr. Loomis' directions took a heavy stick with a string on either end like reins upon a bit. Mr. Brown held the strings while I wedged the stick with all my strength as a gag into Vel's mouth. He seemed a Hercules and screamed as a horse in the midst of fire. He lost consciousness and with flash-light and tweezers Mr. Loomis pulled the quills from his swollen tongue and throat. Three times we had to let him regain consciousness only to be choked again before we could get all the quills, one hundred and two in all. This because we dared not shut off his wind too long.

It was some grateful dog after the ordeal was over and *Continued on page 119*

SARAH NOBLE IVES, well known writer and illustrator, whose last book, "Dog Heroes of Many Lands," is being widely acclaimed, is an ardent lover of the beauty of Outdoors. She writes us: "I feel very keenly the necessity for every possible effort that can be made to save our land from complete exploitation and commercialization. If any little word of mine will save one tree or one bit of the wild, I shall be glad to have performed even so small a service for my country."

Salmo Fontinalis

From an old drawing by Frank Forester



The Meat Getters

By
RALPH L. MONTAGU

I TAKE it, that most of us will admit that trout are becoming scarcer in our streams.

Any stream that is within reach and open to the public generally arrives at a condition known as "fished out" long before the end of the season.

The average size of the fish is considerably smaller than was the case a few years ago before the automobile-owning habit had become so prevalent, and as time goes on, matters become worse instead of better.

Reducing the number of fish that can be taken legally does not seem to help at all, and the outlook for sport in the years to come is not very encouraging.

There is a remedy for this state of affairs; but it will never be a popular remedy with the majority of fishermen.

If all fishing for trout on public, or open streams, was restricted to the use of the artificial fly; and if this regulation was enforced, a change for the better would soon be noticed.

Let us see what actually happens on an open stream today. The first day of legal fishing in the majority of districts finds the water rather high, possibly discolored, and the fish, although not in good condition, extremely hungry.

For months past they have fed, when they did feed, in perfect safety, with the consequence that their natural cautiousness is considerably lulled.

For no apparent reason, on the opening day, there seems to be a number of nice juicy worms coming down stream, and coming right into the places where the fish lie. Is it any wonder that a great number of fish are taken thus in the opening days of the season.

A large number of men rush off in their machines on the opening day, and a considerable proportion return with "the limit".

The fish are small and not in really prime condition, but what does that matter; they have caught the limit, and that seems to be the height of their ambitions.

In the course of a month or so, the fly-fisherman, who has remained at home during the period of unsuitable water, goes out, and he finds, first of all, that there are not nearly as many sizeable fish rising as there should be; and those that do rise, are not free risers; by that I mean, the least little thing will cause them to stop feeding; and when they do essay to rise at one's fly, they frequently come short.

The harrying they have been through, the harrying with worms, grubs, salmon eggs, spoons, and other baits is responsible for these conditions.

As the season advances, the head of fish decreases rapidly. Although the fish are feeding on the surface, the bait fishing still goes on; it is the easier way, and as most of the people who go fishing, go with the intent of merely getting fish, and are not interested at all in the manner in which they get them, long before the end of the season the stream is reported to be, and is, practically "fished out."

Even when in this sad condition, a good man could still get a fair basket full, provided he was left alone.

But in open waters this does not happen. Frequently when you are just about to cast over a rising fish, somebody else happens along on the other bank, and deliberately drops a baited hook and sinker as near as he can to the place where the fish rose.

Now if all fishing was restricted to the artificial fly, to begin with, there would be no Klondyke-like rush to the river on the opening day. One or two early birds might venture out, but even if they were really first class fly-fishermen, and did manage to get a few fish, their experiences would prevent them from wishing or desiring to repeat the performance.

When the spring rise had subsided, and the air was alive with flies, the fishermen who went out would at once notice that there were many more fish than in former seasons, and that the fish rose well.

It would still be a difficult thing to make the fish rise to the artificial fly, but the fish would be there, and there would always be the possibility of getting a fair catch, right up to the last day of the season.

The only time I have ever seen fish that were easy to catch with a fly, and by that I mean, that anyone who could get his fly on the water, no matter how he got it there, would get fish, was about 35 years ago on a stream which had never been cast over before. You could not scare these fish away from your flies.

But nowadays there are no more virgin waters, and the trout we meet have all had some sort of education, and are not easy to catch; but what angler wants them to be easily caught; a meat-getter may desire this condition; but a sportsman, or anyone who has the faintest idea of what sportsmanship is, certainly is not looking for easy fish.

On a stream where the fishing is restricted to artificial fly only, there will always be fish; no matter how many people fish the stream they can not fish it out, for the simple reason that the more the fish are cast over, the more difficult they become and therefore still more attractive to the real sportsman.

The abolition of bait fishing would not be a hardship except to the meat-getters.

Anyone who can walk and see, and has at least one arm, can become a good fly-fisherman; but it does take some skill; and anyone who consistently fishes the fly and fly **only,** has a more sportsmanlike set of ethics than those whose motto is, "get the fish no matter how you get them."

It is a peculiar thing that when a writer describes a day's fishing where he used worms, in one of our outdoor magazines, he generally prefaces his description of the proceedings either by excuses for not using a fly, or, if he belongs to the other breed, he lets us know he uses worms or other bait, because by so doing he gets his meat. The first kind of writer knows that he is guilty of an unsportsman proceeding, when he catches trout with bait, unless he is starving to death and really

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This magazine at $1.00 per year is a gift—subscribe NOW.

The Hoodooed Pool

By JOHN R. MINTEN

THERE is a little stretch of water in a small southern Pennsylvania stream that bears for me a fascination. Not because of the fish it contains, for they are too few, far too few for such a beautiful nook of Nature. Typical of the home of the small mouth, the waters tumble and glide over the rock-protruding creek bed, swishing in oily swiftness over deep pools and sharply winding their way through wooded, studded hills to the Susquehanna. To stand thigh-deep with the cool flood rushing by and the early morning sun warming cheeks and hands, to listen to the protests of a grey squirrel peering through the crotch of a sturdy old oak, is a call that I can't resist, and in spite of the fishing disappointments and shabby tricks this laughing stream has played upon me, I know it for a friend.

Just beyond a certain bend the water breaks over a barrier of rock and sweeps smoothly and deeply along a velvet slope of green for two hundred feet until it again ripples out into a shallow, sparkling stream. This spot I call "The Devil's Hole," for surely I have been the recipient of enough devilment there to believe that the very fish had horns. If truth be told, the name I have selected for this little hole is but a composite one of the titles that have at times flowed from my lips with spontaneous vigor. Indeed, it needed but little imagination at times when I have stood there in the silence of gathering twilight to conjure the thought that the mystic guardian of fishes was brewing for me potential trouble in the boiling water tumbling through the hills and serving the broth from that beautiful little cauldron at my feet.

Shall I picture the September afternoon that was productive of naught but the broken butt of a new fly rod, broken in that tragic moment when I was reaping the fisherman's usual reward for sitting down in the stream; and of how I feverishly worked mending it for the evening rise, of that still moment charged with despair of realization that the faulty tip had gone the way of the butt on the first cast to a rising bass and that the evening's fishing was done!

Shall I relate the story of evenings in October when I matched wits with something that first made itself known by taking away the head of my chub-offering or the chagrin-filled moment of that last time he struck, catching me with a slack line, trying to fill my pipe!

Surely these things are commonplace enough in the lives of fishermen, and though such occurrences bear a touch of disappointment, they are assuaged by a mellowing touch of humor and dimly fade with time until they become a blur on the horizon of our memory. I but mention these incidents to show how, even though warned of the witchery of this pool, how futile it was to think that preparedness of mere man could cope with it and how expectancy of direr things should have made me strong.

The following winter after these happenings found me often hibernating by the fireside, pipe in hand, weaving dreams of the season's opening, and needless to say I planned to spend the first day at my pool, so I made my plans accordingly. Now, though I have brought large mouths of size to my net, all my small-mouth fishing had been done mostly on this stream in which a bass over two pounds was the exception rather than the rule, and indeed none over that size had ever obliged. Naturally, in the smoke clouds of my pipe, I pictured myself standing in that beautiful pool, with a straining rod playing a four-pound fighter. I felt sure that if a regular old he-bass dwelt in that creek he surely would note the advantages and select appointments of that hole and make it his home. Although fly-rods were the exception and few and far between with me, I determined to purchase one that would be both witch- and devil-proof, one that would also, upon playing a fish, produce the acme of thrills. So early in the year I bought a wand that was proven by experiment on fifteen-inch chub to be the real thing as a sport producer. My dreams were then continued and in them I felt continually the waters of my favorite haunt about my boots and the tug and lunge of the grandfather of the creek fighting against that frail rod. I dreamed this until it actually became an ideal I worshipped.

That first early summer day dawned none too soon, and thinking to fortify myself against all possible hoodooism, I took with me my fishing pal. I must confess that there lurked in my mind the thought that those laughing waters would single him out for their pranks. So simple is the mind of a mortal! Late afternoon saw us, after fishing since midday for the large fighting chub that swim the shallows of that creek, at the long-talked-of spot. Incredible as it may seem, the first thing that happened was the breaking of that new rod just at the ferrule of the tip. My hoodoo was "among those present," and the waters seemed to laugh in glee. Being of undaunted fibre, I readily fixed it by pulling out the ferrule and inserting the tip in the socket, wedging it fast with a sliver of wood, and then proceeded to fish satisfactorily.

Using a Yellow Sally with a small pork-rind strip back of a small spinner, I had two successive strikes and landed them both, each a pound and a half. My partner, wading the stream below, using the same terminal tackle and also casting to the far bank, had ne'er a strike. I laughed softly, thinking the spell had been transferred and he was being initiated into the ways of the pool. Contentment reigned supreme! But—

Making a cast above a suspicious swirl, my tip slipped out of the socket. Shortening my grasp on the rod, I reached for the dangling section. Out of the corner of an eye I could see my line straightening and the Yellow Sally swinging over to our side in the direction of my partner below. Just as I was about to insert

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The Battle of the Stream

By ORRIN ALDEN DEMASS

Far from the grinding world of plod,
There lies a land of reel and rod.
A paradise where sunbeams play
On silver sands at the break of day.
A land of solitude and dream,
Of leaping trout and winding stream.
Of tying fly and drying line,
And a cast to the shades beneath the pine.
A sudden snap and a mighty jerk
From beneath the jam where the big ones lurk.
A vicious tug and a spraying splash,
A sudden sulk and another dash,
Around the bend where the alders cool
Dip their tips in the shadowy pool.
And out on the riffles beneath the sun;
Careful—the battle is nearly won.
A shortened line and a waiting net,
A left arm raised and a right arm wet,
A side that gleams in the current's trough,
A final splash, and HELL, HE'S OFF.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by Will H. Dilg

We have more real lovers of angling among our readers than has any other publication in the world with the exception of the Fishing Gazette of London, England, and that is over a century old. It therefore follows that we have more men and women holding treasured angling memories than has any other publication, and by the same token it should follow that this department of our magazine should contain the most interesting collection of angling memories ever printed.

It is the ambition of the editors of our magazine to make it the most friendly and the most useful magazine to sportsmen in the world and we anglers can help by spinning our most beloved and golden angling memories. A fisherman without angling memories is like a little river without a song.

Every man of us has volumes of angling memories in stock. Heretofore we have unreeled them to our own special friends but now let's give all the boys a chance to enjoy them. Recently while enroute to Detroit I listened in while a fisherman told a fishing experience with a steel-head in the Rogue River, Oregon. It was a great story and worthy of a place in any selection of fishing stories. Of course I butted in and told one of my stories, soon that portion of the Pullman car which is given over to smokers was crowded, and every man of us a fisherman.

We got to bed a little late but we parted with that friendly spirit common to anglers. There were enough fishing tales told that night to make this month's Angling Memories of our magazine a hummer.

There are thousands of great fishing stories locked up in memory's storehouses all over these United States. As you read, my brother, you think of your own pet angling experience. The one you always tell when in the proper company and usually if you are not interrupted by some other impatient angler who wants to tell his story—**Your story goes big.** That self-same story, old man—will go BIG **in these angling memories** and we are all fairly busting to hear it. Now get busy and give it to us. How do you know that that pet story of yours won't win the fifty dollar fly or bait casting rod, or the reel, or some other one of the prizes which go to the five best stories which, in the judgment of our five fishermen judges, win?

Every fisherman has at least one **great fishing story in his system if he will only let it out.** Come on now, my brothers, and let's all do our part to make **Our** magazine the friendliest monthly in the world.

This little memory of Mr. E. A. Johnson, of Auburn, Indiana, takes us back to those days when our griefs and disappointments were hardest to bear—to our boyhood days when the angling instinct first became planted in our hearts. Then the losing of a fish, even the most lowly of fishes, seared our soul with sorrow that survives even the flight of time. Those days along a little stream were days never to be forgotten.

Many years ago a small boy dwelt on a little farm amid the elm forests of northwestern Ohio. He was the typical barefoot boy, with a wealth of red hair and a sun-tanned countenance which was liberally spangled with dark brown freckles.

While he was very young, the Red Gods made medicine in his heart, and prepared for his future, many pleasant days in the out-of-doors.

One bright spring day, while investigating with home-made tackle, a little creek that wandered through the vicinity, he captured a diminutive bullhead which had all the bullhead sense slammed out of itself when it hit the bank after being yanked without ceremony out of the muddy pool. Forthwith there was born an ardent disciple of the Waltonian art, and the shallow run was haunted from morning to night by a red-headed bundle of excitement, looking for the mate to that bullhead.

Day after day the quest was fruitlessly continued, but the fisherman faltered not. His was an abiding faith that would not be denied.

Spring bloomed into summer and the blazing sun of one summer afternoon found him leaning against a rail fence that closely bordered the water's edge, a willow pole socked into the mud at his feet, a good sized cork rocking on the ripples over a deep pool, while a short distance down stream, the turbid flood surged against and under an accumulation of drift which was blocked by a flood-gate built across the creek.

High overhead in the glassy sky a buzzard lazily circled on motionless wings. A catbird squalled occasionally from the depths of a near-by swamp. The lone fisherman drowsed away the quiet afternoon with hope hanging only by a slender thread.

Suddenly the cork disappeared from view and the line began to weave a zig-zag pattern under the swaying rod.

The fisherman came to life with a jerk. In response to his frantic tugging at the pole, the grand-daddy of all bullheads turned his broad yellow side above the surface, then started for the bottom and began boring toward the drift.

The action was intense, the scene at its climax, when tragedy stalked in from the wings.

A small brown lizard with a bright red nose came silently along a fence rail and then with panting sides stood lazily surveying the scene. The red-headed fisherman conveniently near, suggested further investigation, and it was but a short leap from the rail to one jeans pant-leg. The fisherman felt the touch, and tearing his eyes from his straining rod he saw the intruder just starting to expore a rent in the trousers.

Now every nine year old boy of that time knew that wherever a red-nosed lizard touched you the flesh would promptly decay, and its bite would cause you to perish miserably at sundown.

For one brief second the boy was paralyzed with horror, then shattering the afternoon silence with a wild yell, he threw the rod to the winds and hurled himself headlong into and under the muddy flood, frantically tearing off his overalls as he did so.

That was many years ago, and neither the lizard nor the bullhead were ever seen again. A sadder but wiser fisherman scrambled from the sodden depths, recovered the rod from the drift, a broken hook left in remembrance of "the big one that got away," then searched in vain for his pants. They were gone with the flood, and in the afterglow of fading day he wended his way through the fields and down the road, clothed only in a brief hickory shirt and a deeply dejected spirit, his fitful lamentations echoed by the plaintive whimpering of unfed hogs in the home barnyard.

And that **is my** most poignant fishing memory!

This Memory of Mr. Harry L. Lyons of Evanston, Ill., is the story of "Bill," the Ferndale muskellunge, legally caught though never hooked. All of us have spent happy evenings "round the fireplace" with a good cigar stuck in our faces and a mighty good fish story in our minds—but don't keep it there, brother; tell it as Mr. Lyons and the others have done—let us all enjoy it, even as you will enjoy to the full this "musky" story.

Gathered round the fireplace in the lounge room of the Ferndale Rod and Gun Club, in Northern Wisconsin, one cool evening, the 31st of August, 1922, to be exact, were some fifteen or twenty good men and true, digesting the excellent just-finished meal and puffing at pipe or cigar as was ever a fisherman-custom. The cheerful blaze in the fireplace shone on bronzed or sunburned faces, indicating old timers and new arrivals fully as accurately as did the names on the register. Mine Host King, he of the genial smile and deep solicitude for each and every guest's comfort and fishing success, occupied a comfortable arm chair just in front of a wooden bench upon which his three little sons had perched to be near their

fond daddy and hear what they could hear. It was a stage well set for a story or two and when Mr. Kirk, of Rogers Park, who sells Portland cement for a living and with Mrs. Kirk fishes in the Northern lakes and streams for health and recreation, asked Landlord King for a fishing tale, the request met with immediate unanimous endorsement.

"Sure," said "Old-Timer" King, "I'll oblige, and I'm agoin' to relate one of them goldurn impossible happenstances which occurs about once in two hundred years more or less. I'll tell you about the wind-up of the wisest musky who ever chased a Shannon spinner in these here waters, bar none. I've lived, man and boy, most of my life in these parts and I've been on these lakes fishin' before this well-known club was even dreamed about. And I aint never knowed but one musky to be took jest the way 'Bill' was."

Those of us who could not hear perfectly hunched our chairs closer, as Old-Timer King paused to relight his cigar (which he promptly let go out again).

"They aint many muskies that has a Christian name, but this one did. I clapped 'Bill' onto him before he was what is now legal size, owing to seeing him repeatedly, and identifying him by a defective dorsal fin that probably some bigger fish had nipped when 'Bill' was young and came fooling around some musky flapper who had already been spoke for. Anyway, I watched 'Bill' grow year after year, always with that unmistakable chewed up dorsal fin. I'd seen him up to Island Lake in the reed bed near its very center, and I've met him in Chain Lake within 300 yards of where we are settin' right now, but mostly he hung out in Clear Lake, going in through the narrow thoroughfare, and almost always occupying a selected spot in the center of a big bunch of thick lily pads. Many is the lure I've personally throwed into 'Bill's' immediate vicinity, not to mention the casting that lots of others has done to attract that musky, and while he usually would follow out so he could be seen, I had not known nobody to ever jam a hook into him. 'Bill' was fat, but wary. His condition showed he was a liberal feeder, but he sure was a wise old fish.

"Come one perfect day when I had out a Chicago man, me rowin' the boat, and him doin' all the work castin.' And he sure were an artist with his split bamboo. 'They's a bass over back of that snag, I'd say to him, and szit out would go his spinner and pork rind right to the spot every time. I claims to cast some myself, but this here guest would have outshone old Izaak Walton hisself. We had all the bass two men is entitled to, but no musky. So as a final win or bust effort we poled through the thoroughfare into Clear Lake, and I took the oars mighty careful and placed the boat just right to deliver a lure right into 'Bill's' front porch, so to speak. Not a cast had the Chicago man made, fer we wanted Mr. Bill Musky or nothin', and I'll say for him that he sure put that spoon and pork rind jest where I wanted him to. 'I got a strike,' says he, 'but it's a small one,' and as he reeled in a bass about two pounds heavy came on top and shook hisself, and then, gentlemen, believe me, the excitement struck us two.

" 'Bill' nabbed that bass right on top, or rather while the bass was mebbe two inches out of water, and we seen the hull length of the great musky; he went 31 pounds and a leetle over when we got him home. I don't usually have much to say to a fisherman of the quality I had out that day in the way of offering advice, but this time I broke my rule and yelled: 'It's Bill; give him line; mebbe he'll swaller that bass. Give him lots of line.' He done so, and 'Bill' started up the lake, away from the pads, us follerin' and tryin' not to put no strain on the line fer fear the musky might drop the bass.

"You could have shot me in the left side without hurting my heart, fer it was up in my mouth, as we saw by slack line that 'Bill' had stopped, and was probably eating the 2 pounds of bass he'd run off with. The muskey had selected a clear spot, in about ten feet of water, and there he lay. We kept creepin' closer and closer, and finally I made out the fish. Gentlemen, I could see that bass crushed in 'Bill's' big mouth, with tail out one side and head out the other, and I knew durned well where the pork rind and hook was, which was in the bass mouth, and not in 'Bill's.'

"I was plum certain we would lose that grand musky, when our boat got almost right over him, but I hoped to have a close-up look at 'Bill,' so I says to the Chicago man: 'Lift him up a little, easy, and keep him a-comin', but don't jerk him, and he done so like the master fisherman he were. I can't to this day remember when I had picked up the gaff, but it was in my hand as the line tightened and the big fellow rose. I was a-holdin' my breath and a-watchin' that grand fish, and I seen him clamp down a bit tighter on the bass. Slowly 'Bill' came on up until he lay with his busted dorsal fin out of water right alongside our boat within two feet of me.

"Wham, I slammed that there gaff into him, and into our boat he came with me on top of him simultaneous, and we had it out in the bottom of the skiff. I tasted some musky slime, but I killed 'Bill,' gentlemen, and I hear he now adorns a skyscraper office wall in Chicago as a permanent exhibit.

"I had been in at the death of a great musky, but," and here Old-Timer King looked wistful and sad, "I sort of wish we hadn't of had no gaff in the boat that day. 'Bill' was caught legally enough, but somehow I feel like we took advantage of him landin' him without hookin' him and on live bait."

Now, ain't it hell! Mr. J. M. Wallace, of Toledo, in this memory of a muskellunge is so sincere, so keen, so humorous and so determined that we feel we must slap him heartily on the back and wish him better luck next time.

"I suppose there is one time in our fishing experiences that stands alone—one that is remembered when many others are forgotten. The day on which the largest lunge of which there is record was caught at Minocqua, Wis., found me traveling through there still further northbound. I had caught lunge and good sized pike in Canada, Minnesota and Michigan, but the lunker we all dream about still remained unmounted and we figured Northern Wisconsin held the answer. We got off the train at Star Lake. There were few folks there. The season had been backward and luck had been poor and here I landed at a board hotel with electric lights and colored waiters and I had come five hundred miles to get away from that stuff, but when one of the coons came in off the lake with a long cane pole and a couple of 4-lb. bass, things looked rosier. As a guide they assigned me a Norwegian named Henry, and Henry sure was a bear for work. On shore he was normal, but put him in a rowboat and Ole Evinrude's engine had nothing on him. Such a thing as slow trolling speed and him were strangers. He had but two gear shifts—third and neutral. We managed to accumulate three nice bass and went in. On the hotel porch were two gentlemen from Chicago and their guide, and when they found out I had come a good ways to get hold of a lunge to brag about, one of them invited me to go with them in to Lake Buckatawbin where their guide had said there was nothing much but lunge and big ones at that.

"The next morning found us three and two guides loaded in a buckboard with a couple of big logging horses, and after a ride of fifteen miles through swamps and almost impassable roads, mostly corduroy, we arrived. An old couple had a log cabin there and as we arrived they were complaining that the deer were coming down and eating up their garden patch. There was another couple there, a man and wife from down in Pennsylvania. We asked them what luck they had so she took us back to the icehouse where laid a beautiful lunge she had caught not more than an hour before, weighing 52 pounds. That sure looked like good medicine, so we went out after dinner and got some bass but Henry couldn't hold down his speed. We got nothing but 'snakes' and we could have had a boatload of them. The second day one of the men from Chicago got a musky weighing 35 lbs., right on the same bar where the big boy had been caught. Deep water was on both sides of this bar, which was of sand and came up to within eight or ten feet of the surface, and the old folks told us it was the best place for lunge in the lake. About the fourth day I had gotten Henry where he would pull the scow along two or three miles an hour so we started out early with a do or die resolve to bring in a big one. We crossed the bar two or three times trolling off into the deep water and then turned back to try it once more when suddenly about a hundred feet behind the boat appeared a wake like a submarine. Henry saw it the same moment and dug in with the oars. I got a fresh grip on the Bristol No. 22, threw off the drag on the Vom Hofe and got ready to sink the bucktail gang at the end of that Skinner No. 9 brass spoon into the horny jaw that I knew was headed for it, in the meanwhile yelling to Henry to slack down. But Henry was stone deaf and if anything, increased his speed. In a second I could see the spoon revolving below the surface only about a foot. In another second, the biggest muskellunge I ever saw or ever will see, flew out of the water his entire length and fell back to his native element with a splash that could be seen all over the lake.

"Henry said, 'My G—, did you see that?' Well, once out in the Rockies I heard a muleskinner addressing a balky burro who was trying his best to back off the mountain. His remarks were so pertinent and original I remembered them and they came in handy now, and when through with those, I told him all the Bible I could remember, only arranged different. We went ashore at once where we had the team hitched up and he drove me in to Star Lake just in time to catch a train home. The last words Henry said were 'Vale, you koom up next year, you sure get big one,' but I told him if the Lord would forgive me for coming then, that Norwegian or his country would not see me again. And they never have.

"Three years ago in the Kawarthas I again had hold of a big lunge. This one towed us anywhere he wanted to go for just twenty minutes, pardner and myself and the Indian in the canoe. Then, just as suddenly as we had hooked him, he was gone, but that is the luck of the game. Year before last my wife got in every fish she hooked, though it was her first experience with lunge and bass. Now last night she was reading of a big lunge caught—of all places—in Wisconsin, where I swore I would never go again. Still they say only a fool never changes his mind—'Friend Wife, hand me the time-table.'"

Funny little fishin' kid; small embryo angler whom Mr. Fred Bradford Ellsworth of Chicago has drawn so skillfully. Lucky indeed the country boy who can go forth on nearby streams or creeks for his first fishing experiences. For that very reason the I. W. L. A. must carry on staunchly its work of purifying our inland waters and keeping them well stocked. We love our boys—our boys love fishing—and there you are!

When a child, I was fond of looking at picture books, a characteristic of the young. In later boyhood those portraying outdoor sports interested me most, particularly fishing and hunting. I imagined the forests inhabited by all manners of wild, ferocious animals, the oceans filled with huge fish; lakes and rivers abounding with game fish. As I grew older adventuresome scenes filled me with awe and admiration and I longed to participate in them. And when I reached an age that permitted me to gratify these desires my happiness was complete.

That was many years ago but I am still a boy in fancy and hope to always remain so. I recall most vividly my first fishing experience which was prompted by a picture of two urchins sitting on a pier fishing in a small lake.

I had been left alone at home and conceived the idea of emulating the boys in the picture. To make the scene realistic I constructed a dock by laying each end of an ironing board upon two of mother's best parlor chairs. To represent the shores of a lake, I placed in a circle in front of the dock a lot of plants. There remained but to provide the lake and fishes, which was easy. I utilized a large glass bowl of gold fish that were pets of my sister, and laid it in the center of the circle. And as I looked at the panorama before me I wondered how sister would view it if she knew what was to soon transpire.

Of course, it was necessary to have fishing tackle. After considering the matter I decided to utilize a small bamboo walking stick of father's for a pole, and for a line, attached a piece of cotton thread of about the same length, and made a hook (barbles) by bending a small pin.

Little did I realize then that I was about to use a line that some day would become famous, Clark's O. N. T. No. 24 spool cotton thread; that years later a club would be formed known as "The Cotton Thread Fishing Club of America," of which I would be made an honorary member, then an active member and ultimately hold the "World's Record" for catching the largest game fish on the lightest line known in angling.

Everything now being ready for the great adventiure, I put on my little straw hat and quietly mounted the dock. Sitting down I baited my hook and gently lowered it into the lake. Instantly there was excitement beneath the surface. The fish swam around the lure coyly, nosing and nibbling it. Soon one bit, and snubbing quickly, I drew it out and placed it in a pail of water by my side.

It was the first fish I ever caught and my childish glee knew no bounds. Again I baited my little hook. In a few seconds I had another strike and setting the hook pulled out another one. After catching four I ceased angling to enjoy a lunch of cookies, for the boys in the picture had a lunch basket. And when through, I commenced to fish again.

There were two fish left in the lake and just as I was landing the last one I heard the side door open. You see I had been so engrossed in preparing for this angling trip that time had passed sooner than I had anticipated. And it was noontime. But who was it that entered?

I remained very quiet, sitting there by the placid waters of the lake, my legs were hanging down from the dock and my back was facing the door. I was afraid to move for fear of making a noise. A chill ran down my back, and cold beads of perspiration gathered on my brow as I contemplated whether it was my mother or my father that had come in.

If the former, I knew the worst punishment that would be meted out to me would be a severe reprimand and being locked in my room, or deprived of some childish pleasure. But if the latter, whom I feared, "Good Night"! The tranquillity of the lake and peaceful environments would disappear — possibly the dock, lake, vegetation and angler. And it did not take me long to find out.

Father had made his entree, and noticing the sepulchre-like stillness of the house, that usually showed signs of life when I was about, paused to ascertain the reason. And looking in my direction immediately discovered the cause.

Suddenly, I felt a "big hook" grab me and as it sank into me, I let out a blood curdling scream, with all the power I possessed, one that would have intimidated a wild cat. But it had no effect on father, for he was a hunter and experienced with wild animals. He didn't reel me in gently after setting "his hook" or play me at all. Just gave one hard "pump" and down went the dock and over fell the pail of water on the carpet spilling my catch of fish, as I flew through the air and landed across father's knees.

My scream not being effective, I started howling to apprise the neighbors of my plight, thinking it would shame father. But he was a strong willed man, and when he set out to accomplish a purpose he did it with determination and usually succeeded. So my efforts to thwart his plans failed. He rolled me over, face downward and what he did to me was plenty. That right arm of his rose and fell with the precision of a piston rod. There was a great driving power behind it, and his swarthy hand struck that part of my body where it would do the most good. Suffice it to say that it cured me of any further desire to try "indoor fishing."

Mr. Henry H. Dean of Council Bluffs, Iowa, sends us this sand hill memory. A man can have no dearer possessions than memories of such placid "perfect days" a-fishing. And we all have them, my brothers; let's share them with one another."

The October sun was low in the west when I turned from my fishing. All through the afternoon I had searched the holes and eddies for wall-eyes, and the pull of my hunting coat across the shoulders gave assurance that my efforts had not gone unrewarded.

As I climbed the river bank and started on my long tramp home, the cold wind that blew from the draws in the hills gave me warning that I must make haste or the night would overtake me before I reached the ranch-house. With the vision of a supper of hot corn-bread and fried prairie-chicken before me, I lighted my pipe, and hurried down the old cow-path that wound along the river bank, toward home.

The sun had just disappeared as I reached the big bayou in the north pasture. This was an interesting piece of water. It lay in the form of a horse-shoe, with each end touching the river, from which a small stream was diverted into it. It was filled with willows and old snags, and contained several fine beds of spatter dock. It certainly looked ideal for bass, but the native fishermen had assured me that it contained nothing but bull heads and carp, therefore I had never fished it.

Just as I reached the point where the river and bayou joined, I heard a splash, and saw the ripple made by a rising fish, near the outer fringe of the first bed of dock. It was rapidly getting dusk.

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Should I stop and try for the fish now, or return in the morning? Was it a bass anyway; carp make a great disturbance feeding in the weeds. I would try a cast or two and tomorrow would return for more careful fishing.

I had been using a bucktail spinner, heavily weighted, for pike. Removing the sinker, I cast the bait along the edge of the spatter dock. Nothing happened. Reeling in, I made another cast, a little farther out. Again a blank. Once more and I was done. The third time *must* be the charm.

The line ran out from the reel; the bait fell with a light splash. I started to retrieve. I had drawn another blank. Suddenly I felt a slight tug. A carp, or at best a small wall-eye, certainly not a bass by the strike. I set the hook.

The curtain went up with a bang.

The reel gave an agonized shriek as the line whipped through the guides. The shock almost tore the carelessly held rod from my hands. In my surprise I stepped backward and nearly fell into the river. Out in the center of the pond something cleared the water with a rush, and shaking viciously, fell back with a splash. My line went slack. I had lost him, the best fish of the year.

Disgusted, I started to reel in. There was a violent protest from the other end of the line. The fish was *not* gone.

Just what followed during the next few minutes, in that interval "between the dark and the daylight," I am not able to clearly tell. More by luck than science, I fear, I gradually worked the fighting fish to the shore. Around and around he fought, now at the bottom, now at the top, taxing my light line and slender pole to the utmost.

I dared not force the battle too fast, or my line, already worn by a day's hard fishing in the sandy river, might part; but I must draw the sturdy fighter from the snags and dock before it was too dark to see, or give up the hope of his capture. It was now or never. I applied all of the force I dared. The little rod bent until the line sung like a bow-string. Little by little the bass weakened under the strain of the arched bamboo. Nearer and nearer he came, until I finally brought him into the shallow water at my feet, a beaten warrior.

I stooped, and taking the line near his head, drew him out onto the sand. How big he looked in the dusk, and yet he was not large for a bass. How helpless he was now, out of the clear cold water, his home. How valiantly he had fought; I almost wished that he had won. And yet, at that moment, I would not have traded him for any tarpon or sword-fish that ever swam the seas. He was my first bass in the sand-hills. I had broken an iron-bound tradition by taking him from that pond.

Severing his spine with my knife, that his end might be merciful, I gathered my tackle for the tramp home. With my fingers through his gills—he was too valiant a warrior to be placed in my coat pocket with common pike and channel cats—I regained the path, and soon the heavy black mass of the cotton-wood grove at the house, loomed against the sky before me.

A calf bawled in the corral. From the big hills toward the west came the long quavering howl of a coyote. It was night. Gyp met me at the bars, heralding with glad barks, my return—a victor, and as I rounded the horse-barn, Tom opened the kitchen door and yelled "Come and get it."

It was the end of a perfect afternoon.

Minnesota's Moose

(*Continued from page 104*)

are near it. But it is impossible to draw a line through an area which is a real wilderness, and the natural habitat of the moose, and declare the moose on one side of the line safe and the others liable to be shot, and expect the moose to understand it. It's hard enough, goodness knows, to make the hunters understand it!

You can do that with deer, with wild-fowl—you can't do it with moose. Other animals seem to "get wise" and stay in refuges, but moose are big dumb-bells. It is their nature to travel and they do travel, in spite of lines neatly drawn by bureaucrats. To shoot them in any part of their natural habitat is to shoot them at large. Moose can not stand this. They leave the country, they stop propagation, they disappear from the face of the earth. They are doing it fast enough, in Northeastern Minnesota. While hunting goes on around the outside of the game reserve, **the moose population inside the reserve, instead of increasing, is rapidly decreasing.**

Minnesota, by the way, is not blessed with a large game protective force. The state commission is fairly effective, but lack of game wardens, lack of organization, the probable presence of **politics,** all are evident. It is generally rumored that moose are sold in an almost open market on the north shore of Lake Superior for from $50 to $100 each during the hunting season, by Indians and white settlers who kill and hang up numbers of them to sell to the "hunters."

The Minnesota game and fish commission is about the same as most. It does pretty well, but it is considered advisable for all moose to keep up their life insurance policies even during the closed season.

The problem can not be solved by game refuges, neither can it be solved by limited licenses nor by any one of the several other popular misconceptions of human nature and of animal nature.

I am advocating a closed season on moose in my outdoor department of the St. Paul Daily News. I am advocating it because I honestly believe that it is the only way of saving the moose, or any part of them, and I want to see them saved because I firmly believe that they are more valuable to more persons alive than dead.

Calvin A. Dahlgren, supervisor of the Superior forest, in a letter recently told me that "unless permanently protected, the moose will soon be an asset to any circus showing in Northern Minnesota." Mr. Dahlgren knows more about the moose of Minnesota than does any other man.

I am conducting as hard a fight as I know how for a closed season. I want the support of every sportsman in the United States who wants to see the last large herd of moose in the country saved from extinction. Minnesota is the recreation ground for hundreds of thousands of outside people. Thousands come from the more southerly middle western states every summer to go through the moose country in canoes and watch the big fellows. Some day you want to do that. **Someday,** perhaps, **your son will want to.**

The hunters of Minnesota are playing "snatch grab" with the remnant of the moose.

Realizing that the moose either will soon be protected or soon be exterminated, the hunters have passed out the word "every man for himself," and the general slogan is "I'm going to get mine."

I want the support of all people who can forsee the result of such a policy—who do not see clean sport possible under such conditions.

I am asking every sportsman, every sportsmen's club, in this country to help me to save the Minnesota moose. I have got to have expressions of opinion from you in order to convince the legislature that sentiment, both inside and outside the state, is for a closed season. **Address me at the St. Paul Daily News, St. Paul, Minn.**

Much air has been exhausted by conservationists who talk in glowing terms about "our disappearing game" and "What shall we do about the decreasing game?"

These are generalities. **The game situation will never be solved by blanket laws, or by generalities.** Each case has its own remedy. The right system, it seems to me, is to take each case in its turn, and solve it.

The solution of the disappearing moose is **a closed season.**

For Outdoor Lovers

WHEN the Great Spirit looked upon the strange white men who rode the waters in boats which had no need of paddles, who whispered into hollow reeds and they spoke in tones of thunder, scattering bolts of death—when the Great Spirit looked forth and saw these things, and saw that the white intruders were destroying the wild creatures which played before him and the red men of the forest whom he loved, he withdrew to the Land of the Setting Sun, toward which his beloved children were being pressed.

There he remained in deep concentrated thought for many moons, pondering what retribution he should visit upon these despoilers of his ancient domain. One after the other, because cruelty was not an attribute of his nature, he discarded the various plans of vengeance that were suggested to his mind by evil spirits of the air who sought to divert his great power to destructive purposes which they could not compass.

At length, after many moons of communion with his sacred nature, he lifted up his head And upon his face was the divine illumination of a smile, fair as the pathway of the moon upon the great waters which are never still, bright as the dawn of autumn morning in the mountains upon which rest the fringes of the great blue tent of heaven. And in a voice melodious as the rush of swift streams in the night, sweet as the murmur of the south wind through the lonely pines, poignant as the song of Couy-ouy, the fire bird, he made known his decision in these words:

"I will not destroy the destroyers. I will leave them to slay themselves. But I will instruct one of their race in the mysteries of the wild life they hate, and she shall talk to them in words which

will bring heaviness to their hearts as they consider what they have done in their blindness. For all the sorrow they have brought into my realm I will show them what happiness might have been theirs if they had been gentle with my children. I will repay them by revealing to them the secrets of the wild places, and the grief of my harried children shall pass into their hearts. I have spoken."

Then, on the strong wings of the mighty west wind, he passed to the dwellings of the invaders. There he sought out a little child smiling in her mother's arms, and in the heart of the child he lighted the fire of illumination. In her mind he set the star of truth, whose rays can penetrate all the darkness of ignorance. He touched her lips with the magic flower of eloquence, and in her tiny fingers he placed the invisible writing stick which can reveal all mysteries of the forests, the mountains, the great waters and the sparkling streams. Then he blessed her with the high blessing of the Great Spirit and withdrew to his secret lodge in the Land of the West Wind.

In time the child grew up, and as Gene Stratton-Porter she wrote of the mysterious things which the magic of the Great Spirit made clear to her. In her hand the invisible writing stick became active. Through many wonderful books she told, with the fire of illumination, the light of truth, and the fragrance of the flower of eloquence great secrets of the wild places, so that the hearts of those who read them were melted and filled with pity at the destruction wrought by their race. Now she has attained the ultimate of the Great Spirit's intention. In deathless poetry, the poetry of the primitive, the untamed, she has given the sad, sweet story which she calls "The Fire Bird"—a poignant tale which only Mrs. Porter could have written.

Price $1.75 net. Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

Reprint from the Rochester Chronicle-Democrat.

Fred Bradford Ellsworth

was one of the first anglers in America to advocate light tackle. He was one of the first to propound the query: "What good are game and fish laws if not enforced?" He stated emphatically years ago that game and fish would soon be gone; that there should be immediate conservation and that the time was not far off when propagation and planting of game and fish would be necessary.

Mr. Ellsworth is also well known as an angling writer and always in his stories and articles there is a plea for light tackle and better sportsmanship. "A Sportsman's Prayer" was first published in the New York Evening Mail in December, 1921. It received so much favorable comment from sportsmen all over the country that Mr. Ellsworth has had it printed on fine cardboard in a most attractive form and it is for sale at 35 cents a copy. Copies can be gotten direct from Mr. Ellsworth, 5451 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, mailed in clasped envelopes, protected by strawboards. We have a copy of "A Sportsman's Prayer," of which we are very fond.

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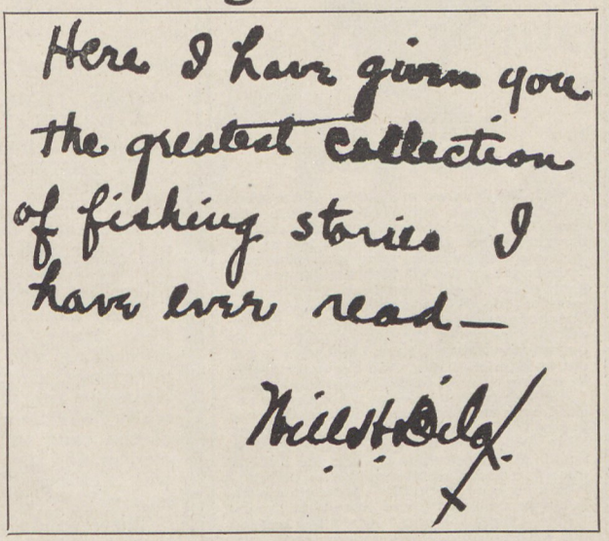

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Reilly & Lee, Publishers, 1010 Michigan Ave., Chicago

A Sportsman's Prayer

By FRED BRADFORD ELLSWORTH

O LORD, I thank Thee for all the blessings Thou hast bestowed upon me as a sportsman.

I thank Thee for having had a good mother—a wonder mother—possessing charm of personality and the higher attributes of mind and heart that endeared her to all that knew and loved her.

I thank Thee that she was a nature lover with talent to paint its wondrous beauties on canvas and gifted to sing its praises in poetry and prose.

I thank Thee for a father who in younger days enjoyed fishing and hunting, liked adventure and to roam the wilderness and live in silent places.

I thank Thee for the inalienable right by inheritance to idealize nature and worship God's great outdoors. To fish and hunt and seek adventure. Also what ability I may have to write about these wonderful things.

I thank Thee for a strong constitution, further developed by training and a strenuous life in the open.

I thank Thee for a wife any man could be proud of. One that reveres and regards nature with affection. A remarkable sportswoman, who accompanies me on all my angling expeditions, no matter how hazardous. An adroit light tackle angler that has beaten all but two of my records. The best "pal" and companion I ever had.

I thank Thee for the courage, enthusiasm, optimism and energy Thou hast given me the last thirty years to promote the use of light tackle in fishing, the motive being to reduce angling to a fine art and elevate the sport to highest possible standard. And also help conservation of game fishes, so that anglers can continue to enjoy the sport.

One of these days I shall trek the trail of the happy hunting grounds from whence no sportsman returns. There, too, I anticipate finding nature in all her grandeur and sublimity. I expect to see babbing brooks, murmuring streams, rushing rivers and placid lakes teeming with game fish. To sense the aroma of the woods and perfume of flowers and grasses. To look up into the azure sky and witness the sun like a ball of fire climbing up into the zenith. At night enjoy the flaming splendor of the sunset as it sinks slowly to rest.

Then, later on, be enthralled by the shimmering moon and blaze of millions of stars as I lay me down to sleep.

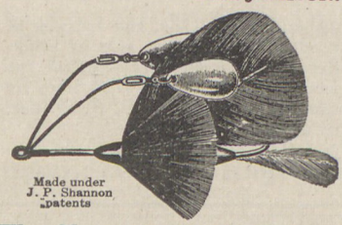
All these things, O Lord, I expect to see and more, too. But before going "West" I should like to feel that I have done my best to better the sport of angling. And after I have gone, O Lord, I want to thank Thee if Thou wilt find others to preach the gospel of light tackle better than I have done. Amen!

Smiling Bill Gets Fooled

Well, Ike, here we are again. Remember that lazy man's bait I been telling you about? It's getting lazier and lazier until it has got so that I don't have to fish at all. You see the fellows using this Shannon Spinner get so tickled with the fine catches they make that they keep sending me samples. So all I have to do is to make the Shannons and they do all the work. Pretty soft for me, only they are sending in so darned many that I guess I will have to get out an injunction or something or else I will be getting pinched for having too many fish.

A fellow came in here the other day all excited over the Shannon and he had a big box of fish he had caught on it. He says, "Say, Bill, I am going to give you a fine fish." He dug down in the box and handed out a five-pound small-mouth bass and says, "How do you like that?" Well, my mouth fairly watered and I was just about to say, "Fine. Much obliged," when he handed out a four-pound large-mouth and says, "This is for you." Well, it sure was a fine fish, but I call it a bum trick to get a fellow all worked up and then hand him something else.

Fishingly yours,
BILL JAMISON.



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Angling Literature

Reviewed by Thomas Ambrose

Vice Pres. of the I. W. L. A.

"THE IDYLL OF THE SPLIT BAMBOO," by Geo. Parker Holden, M. D., published by the Stewart Kidd Company, Cincinnati, price $3.00.

Dr. Holden has given us a volume which seems destined to become as indispensable to the angler who likes to "tinker with his tackle" as was Wells' Fly Rods and Fly Tackle to the "tackle tinker" of twenty-five years ago.

Many anglers nowadays tie their own flies. Many "make" their own rods by purchasing the glued up sticks and mountings, doing only the assembling, wrapping and varnishing. A select few really *build* their rods from the rending of the cane to the last light touch of varnish, and this select but growing class will welcome "The Idyll" as a *vade mecum.*

There would seem to be nothing connected with the art of rod making that is not to be found within the covers of this book, and the directions are so exact, and told in such familiar and pleasant talk, that the reader feels a very strong urge to go and do likewise under the tutelage of so efficient a master.

The technical part of the book is preceded by some thirty pages descriptive of the "Joys of Angling" with apt quotations from many of the most illustrious writers upon the subject, evidencing that the author spends as much time in the library as in the workshop.

Then there is a most interesting chapter upon "Cultivating the Silk Worm Gut at Home," by Edwin T. Whiffen, from which we learn that it is possible to draw six feet knotless leaders from some of our native moths, thereby extending the field of operations of the amateur angler from fly tying and rod making to cocoon collecting.

Many useful "kinks" given in the chapter devoted to Equipment and Camping proclaim the practiced angler and close observer, and the numerous apt illustrations call to us: "Let's go."

The unconventional and delightful style of the author indicates that he would be a very human companion upon a fishing trip.

The typography, paper and general make-up of the book are such as reflect credit upon the publisher, and make it a desirable addition to any angler's library, upon which the dust would not be apt to collect from non-use.

"Trout-Fishing for the Beginner" by Richard Clapham, published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.25.

Another book on angling from across the water, of just an even hundred pages of practical hints for the beginner.

The author in the preface aptly says: "The acquisition of an ill-balanced rod and unsuitable tackle tends to engender a slovenly method of fishing that is absolutely detrimental to good sport. A fair start, with a few simple, but correct lines of outfit, is everything: it is, therefore, with the idea of helping the beginner that I have written this book, and I hope the information contained therein may prove useful to prospective anglers of both sexes."

Further along he says: "Of all the methods of capturing trout, fly-fishing is the cleanest and most sportsmanlike. . . . . Once become enamoured of the art, and you are a fly-fisher for life. . . . . Drawn on by the hope of sport, you find yourself in places where otherwise you might never have ventured, and in your wanderings you gain an intimate knowledge of nature in all her varying moods."

The beginner who will go a-angling with the author, and follow the precepts laid down in his little manual will find himself well upon the path to proficiency. The book is embellished with twenty-two diagrams.

Books for review in the Izaak Walton League Monthly may be mailed direct to Thomas Ambrose, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago.

(Special Correspondence of Manchester Guardian and The World.)
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STAFFORD, England, Aug. 10. Arrived at his ninetieth birthday, Izaak Walton set about making his will. One of the items comprised in his worldly estate ("which," he declared, "I have neither got by falsehood or flattery, or the extreme crewelty of the law of this nation") was "a farme or land nere to Stafford, which I bought of Mr. Walter Noell." It was in 1683, but four months before his death, that he wrote thus of his small estate at Shallowford.

Today the cottage in which he passed many fishing holidays upon that estate is still standing; the half of it, indeed, still occupied. But it is sadly dilapidated, and so the Mayor of Stafford has thought it well to open a fund for its restoration and preservation, as a memorial of the greatest and most lovable of fishermen.

The cottage and the three-quarters of an acre of land that goes along with it are now the property of the Staffordshire Education Committee. It was the benevolence of Izaak Walton himself that gave the estate into the keeping of the Mayor and Corporation of Stafford to be held in trust for the benefit of the poor of the town.

The stream which runs within a hundred yards of the cottage is the Shawford Brook, along which Izaak Walton must have fished or sauntered with his dog many a time.

The bit of property at Shallowford is all that remains of Izaak Walton's associations with Stafford and its neighborhood. The house in which he was born has gone. The Mayor of Stafford's appeal for the preservation of this last tangible relic of him is addressed first and foremost to the brother anglers who revere his memory, and it is surely upon them that the responsibility chiefly lies—"upon all," as he said himself, "that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in His Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling."

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Famous Fishing Lines

"In order to become a fly-fisher, I think that something of an especial genius is necessary—I mean a fly-fisher in the highest sense of the word."—Frank Forester.

"Salmon fishing is to trout fishing as is a father to his son."—Henry P. Wells.

"And suppose he take nothing, yet he enjoyeth a delightful walk by pleasant rivers, in sweet Pastures amongst ordoriferous Flowers which gratify his Senses and delight his mind."—Col. Robert Venable (1662).

"The brotherhood of fishing is more than a phrase; the past masters delight in giving a helping hand."—B. Bennion.

"Trout are so unaccountable that the unexpected may at any time happen."—G. Garrow-Green.

"The art of angling is a very ancient one, and it is difficult to say when it did not exist."—Francis Francis.

"There's nothing that's worse for sport, I guess, than killing to throw away."—Albert Bigelow Paine.

"With a man who loves fishing for itself, and not for the fish, the capture of a record-breaking string is of no consequence."—Fred Mather.

"You will catch abundance of trout down stream at 30 ft. and upstream at 20 ft.—or yes, even at 10 ft. as I can testify!"—Emerson Hough.

"I go to the lake at evening and see the bass flash under the sweeping bow of the birch. I dream my dreams of fish."—A. B. Cunningham.

"Brethren of the Dry-fly, I bid you Goodnight, and may your dreams be as pleasant as my waking hours on a May-fly day."—Sir George Aston.

"As a game fish, the black bass has come into his inheritance. As the French say, he has arrived."—Dr. James A. Henshall.

"Winter fishing for tarpon is river fishing, and, in my opinion is the most interesting and sportsmanlike manner of fishing for the grandest of sea fish."—Frank Gray Griswold.

"I know of no sight more gloomy than that of a golfer painfully tramping from shot to shot."—Emlyn M. Gill.

—"especially in such days and times as I have laid aside business, and gone a-fishing with honest Nat. and R. Roe; but they are gone, and with them most of my pleasant hours, even as a shadow that passeth away and returns not."—Izaak Walton.

Izaak Walton

is the subject of a delightful essay, "A Quaint Comrade by Quiet Streams," in a new book of delightful literary studies by

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News of the Chapters

THE FOND DU LAC CHAPTER

J. B. McCready, secretary of the Fond du Lac Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, in announcing a meeting of the chapter to be held in the Association of Commerce rooms, said: "We read much about co-operation these days and just wonder if there isn't something in it. We have been playing a lone hand now quite a while, but our stack of blue chips doesn't seem to grow as we would like. A little co-operation will help. Come on Ike, give us a boost.

"Did you ever see fishing any poorer than it was this year? It is bound to be worse before it is better, if each and every one of us doesn't get busy and help put over the aims and principles of this league.

"Have you subscribed for the Izaak Walton monthly?"

THE ROCKFORD CHAPTER

The Rockford Chapter is a going concern and growing rapidly. It is supported by the leading people of the city, is open to both men and women and expects to have a membership of 1000. "Anyone who is interested in the great out-of-doors, be his hobby birds, dogs, hunting, fishing or conservation, should affiliate with the League," says Dr. R. E. Tull, president of the Rockford Chapter in a recent article in the Rockford Register-Gazette, dealing with the great work of the Izaak Walton League. In the same article he quotes some interesting facts: "Men now living tell us of their own knowledge of the times when clear white pine timbers sold at $20.00 a thousand; when flocks of passenger pigeons (for which there is now a standing offer of $10,000 for a single pair) darkened the heavens and were slaughtered by millions; when game fish were so common as to be an almost despised article of food."

THE STREATOR, ILL., CHAPTER

As we go to press the members of the new Streator, Ill., Chapter of the Izaak Walton League are carrying on a big drive for a large charter membership. Originally it was planned to have a charter membership of an even hundred, but the enrollment has been so good that 200 has now been set as the number of names to be enscrolled on the charter which will be presented to the order by the President of the Izaak Walton League on the evening of October 20th. There is no doubt that the movement is going over big here. The officers of the chapter are:— President—Alex Estock, who knows bass nature as well as he does human nature; Vice President—George Gorbett; Secretary—W. J. Lewis; Treasurer—Jake Ieuter. Provisions have been made for the enrollment of "junior members."

THE TOLEDO CHAPTER

The Toledo Chapter, the banner chapter of the League, has been confining its activities almost solely to a huge membership drive. "In numbers there is strength"—is their slogan, and acting thereupon they are proceeding to increase their already very large list of members.

THE PONTIAC CHAPTER

At the annual banquet of the Oakland County Sportsmen's Club some 600 were present and after a stirring address by Will H. Dilg and the Rev. Preston Bradley, the Oakland County organization voted for National membership by a unanimous rising vote.

Editor's Note: The Oakland County Sportsmen's Club pushed the Michigan buck law over the plate and it is now a Michigan statute. The Oakland Club is one of the most energetic and capable county organizations in the United States, besides it has a tremendous membership. This association is strong for National Organization, and Pontiac will have a thousand members by January first.

THE NEW YORK CHAPTER

Van Campen Heilner, President of the New York Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, announces the first fall Chapter Luncheon to be held at the Uptown Club, on October 18th.

"NEWS of the Chapters" should be a department of our magazine of the greatest interest to all the members of the League. I know that each chapter loves Our magazine and I want each one to feel that The Izaak Walton League Monthly is their mouthpiece, the medium through which they may keep in touch with all the other chapters, announce their programs and plans, discuss their progress and help all the rest of us by telling how they are solving their individual problems.

These pages are **yours**, Chapters of the League, and I earnestly hope that you will all realize this fact and send in news items of all kinds. Very few of our chapters have been doing this and it is regrettable, as through these pages each chapter can send forth messages of encouragement and propaganda invaluable both to the League in general and their local Chapters in particular.

The Editor.

THE CHICAGO CHAPTER

The Chicago Chapter held its first autumn meeting at the Canadian Club on the evening of Oct. 12th. A good attendance was present and an energetic campaign inaugurated to better the fish and game laws in the State of Illinois. It was resolved to invite the officers of every Illinois chapter for a conference at the National Headquarters on Nov. 15th, the purpose of this conference being to bring about ways and means to campaign for decent fish and game laws in Illinois. The League purposes to increase the fish hatcheries and game farms in the State by tenfold.

THE DETROIT CHAPTER

The Wayne County Sportsmen's Club came into the I. W. L. A. Oct. 10th. This meeting was held at the Cass Technical High School Auditorium and a big crowd was present. After President Dilg of the League and the Rev. Preston Bradley spoke, the question of affiliation with the League was put to a vote, and our entire membership, 1000 strong, voted by a rising vote to come into the League. Mayor Couzens of Detroit was among those who arose. We will have 500 members in the Wayne County Izaak Walton Chapter by Jan. 1st.

Orrin Alden De Mass.
President.

THE LASALLE CHAPTER

A La Salle chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America came into being the evening of Sept. 26th, when a number of the sportsmen of the city gathered in the Elks' club room and formed a temporary organization.

The organization is one composed of anglers and hunters. Briefly, its object is to encourage, promote and to protect hunting and fishing. The league, which is national in its scope, thus far includes more fishers than hunters. In Illinois the immediate activity will be to encourage fishing, and to labor for the enactment of drastic laws for the protection of fish in the streams of the state. According to figures based upon the findings of scientific investigation, there will be no more fishing in another generation, with the exception of a few remote spots, if the present laws remain in operation. It is to a realization of this fact that the Izaak Walton league owes its birth and rapid growth throughout the country.

M. S. Heiss, of national headquarters, had been in La Salle for several days interviewing a number of the principal sportsmen with an idea of forming a chapter here. The result of his work was an enthusiastic gathering last evening. After hearing a comprehensive explanation of the purpose of the league, as well as the details of the organization, from Mr. Heiss, those present decided to proceed at once with the formation of a chapter. C. C. Swift was unanimously elected to the office of temporary chairman, and K. C. Krueger was made temporary secretary by a like vote.

EDGAR HAMMOND CHAPTER WARSAW, IND.

The Edgar Hammond Chapter held a surprise program at their meeting of the chapter on October 11th, in the Club Room of the Hotel Hayes. M. L. Gochenour, the President of the Chapter, and famous hunter, had just returned from a hunting trip in far off wilds and had brought back "plenty moose meat." The cards announcing the dinner read "Moose meat will be on the bill-of-fare. There will be Bull galore, both in menu and program."

The Warsaw Chapter is doing splendid work and, incidentally, having a splendid time doing it.

THE LANSING CHAPTER

On Friday Oct. 13th a Chapter was formed in Lansing, Mich., and a drive started for a thousand members by Jan. 1st. There was an exhibition of pictures by the Michigan State Conservation Department which were intensely interesting and entertaining.

THE LOUISVILLE CHAPTER

The Louisville Chapter of the Izaak Walton League is organizing the entire state of Kentucky—with a view of bringing about legislation which will make good fishing over the entire state.

At a giant meeting of the chapter in Louisville on the 18th at the Seelback Hotel, the President of the Izaak Walton League and the famous orator, Dr. Preston Bradley, will speak. Delegates from every county in Kentucky will attend this meeting and plans will be made to form a local chapter in each county.

THE ST. LOUIS CHAPTER

The St. Louis Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, now that its members have returned from various and widely divergent vacations, fishing and hunting trips, is commencing a strenuous drive for more members. The officers have been meeting regularly and planning an active campaign to be put on a little later. We, who live in this grand old state of Missouri, know that we have the finest fishing waters in the United States and that at one time they were full of fish and it is now up to us to see that this condition is brought about once more.

DES MOINES CHAPTER

The members of the Izaac Walton chapter of Des Moines journeyed to the old Skunk river, about a mile north of Carney's Ford, a short time ago for an all day's outing and fishing excursion. About thirty members and novitiates constituted the party, and although that particular portion of the river was almost entirely divested of its finny inhabitants, some of the anglers were successful in landing fish, mostly of the sunfish variety. The commissary department, under supervision of "Jo" Johansen and Chef Ray Posten, was up to the usual standard and the "hot dog" and other tempting viands served for dinner and supper were eagerly devoured, with genuine ice tea as a beverage. Gus Spry provided a couple gallons of real live minnows and his visions of nice strings of black bass were shared by the other enthusiasts. But the untimely death of the live bait transformed the usually cheerful bait-provider into a veritable "Gloomy Gus," who deeply grieved over the loss of the beautiful minnows. However, worms were substituted and several bull heads and sunfish responded to the lure, with the result that enough were cleaned and fried for a good taste around at supper time.

THE DAYTON CHAPTER

The Dayton Chapter is one of the most energetic and enthusiastic chapters of the League. Its monthly paper, "The Izaak Walton News," a "magazine devoted to better fishing," is a red hot little citizen, and the Dayton Chapter is to be congratulated on its spirit and pep and the sporting conditions of Dayton, and its environs are bound to show decided signs of the effect of the Chapter's labors.

Several thousand black bass furnished by the government were recently placed in the Miami, Mad, and Stillwater rivers at Dayton by the Izaak Walton club. The government car of fish was procured through the efforts of Congressman Roy G. Fitzgerald.

None of the fish were more than four inches long. They will spawn next season. This is the first of a shipment of fish Congressman Fitzgerald is sending to Dayton in an effort to restock the streams of the vicinity.

MILWAUKEE CHAPTER

When Tom Ambrose, of Chicago, the Vice President of the League and an angling authority spoke at the monthly dinner of the Izaak Walton Chapter of Milwaukee on the evening of Sept. 25th at the Milwaukee Athletic Club he said a thing or two that tickled the fishermen present. He said that the story about man's descent from the monkey was bunk—that man really descended from a fish, quoted Hendrik Van Loon to prove it, and added: "Even today we speak to each other in fishy terms. We say 'He drinks like a fish'; 'He's as slippery as an eel'; 'Drop me a line'; 'Someone is stringing you'; 'He's as close as a clam'; and 'A sucker is born every minute.'" Ambrose said that no man need be ashamed of his ancestors, and when one leaves this mortal state it would be well to take a rod and line into the unexplored region beyond, for the first man he will meet at the gate will be a fisherman—St. Peter. To which one might add that if St. Peter happened back on this earth, angler that he was, one of his first acts would be to join the Izaak Walton League.

Mr. Ambrose said that fly fishing was antique; that the first artificial flies were used in 70 A. D., and were known as hippuros. They were fashioned out of red wool wound around a hook.

JOLIET CHAPTER

One of the most important objects toward which the Will County chapter of the Izaak Walton league of America is working is to rid the streams of the state of pollution, according to William Kemp, president of the Will county chapter.

The league will favor and support any law or measure, either state or federal, having for its object the abatement of the evil of pollution, he said.

"The pollution of public waters is hydra-headed in its various forms and phases," said Mr. Kemp. "The agency of pollution in the destruction of fish life and fish food, its pernicious effect on the livestock of the farmer and, its menace to public health, will be fought and the league will advocate strongly its amelioration and prevention wherever possible."

The subject will be stressed during the coming campaign of the Will county chapter in its drive for 500 members by January 1, 1923.

Plans for the drive have been completed, and active work by members will be started this week.

THE MOLINE CHAPTER

Through the efforts of the Moline Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, thousands and thousands of fish that had been stranded in sloughs along the Rock River and the Mississippi by the low stage of water, were rescued by a crew dispatched by William J. Stratton, chief game and fish warden of Illinois. Mr. S. G. Mace, President of the Moline Chapter, received word of this by wire from Mr. Stratton.

LAC DU FLAMBEAU CHAPTER

A Lac du Flambeau Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has recently been formed composed of the Indian guides on the Flambeau Reservation. It is with particular pleasure that the League welcomes this Chapter into its midst. The guides, in joining the League, promise not only to follow all right, fair and sportsmanlike methods, but to also guide only those sportsmen who do likewise.

A Million Fathers and a Million Mothers

(*Continued from page 106*)

nights and frosty mornings has not entirely left, but the call of the stream is now far stronger. The angling has proven so perfect a recreation, fitting in so well with every mood, and the resulting companionship so delightful, that I will never cease thanking the fates who sent me an outdoorsman for a husband—foxhunter though he be.

It would be sweet to dream of going on down through the years secure in the knowledge that in our leisure moments we two might still seek the stream or the forest, and let Nature whisper her soothing counsel and remind us of all we must not forget; sweeter yet to know that those who will pick up the threads where we leave off, shall not be denied the precious privilege!

But this is a "materialistic day." These elusive things whose value cannot be determined by the common measure of dollars and cents, are retreating before the sordid advance with incredible swiftness. Truly, naught but the "unquenchable spirit of a million fathers" AND a million mothers, can stay their flight!

The Girl Who Wintered in the Woods

(*Continued from page 108*)

water—it seemed he never would get his fill. Five hours without and suffering torture would have ruined our dispositions absolutely, Outdoor Woman.

And I, my dress in shreds, my white shoes green, brown and blood, even the knees of my stockings bloody and my hair tumbled all ways. As for my hat it has not been found yet.

So this was the wilderness, this the life, NOT, I mused as I tumbled into bed and had a good cry.

Today the sun shines, the birds sing, Vel is as before his adventure very nearly, God is in His heaven, all is right with the world.

Wilderness, I love it.

Adios,

Nan.

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John Moreland—Fisherman

(Continued from page 91)

addressed it and said to Dewar, "This is for Mr. Moreland."

"Aren't you going back with me? Mr. Willard expects me to bring you back."

"My reply complies exactly with Mr. Moreland's letter to me. It will be satisfactory to him I know."

"Me for the back trail then, but it's tearing my fisherman's heart out by the roots not to have a try with the feathers for just one trout."

"I don't wonder at it and while the camp is getting dinner, I'll take you to a place where I'm almost certain you can raise a trout."

Patterson guided Dewar to a close by pool and showed him a half water-covered shelving rock saying, "Now drop this fly—"

"Ah, Mon, I was born amidst the lochs of the heilands and if you will parmit me I should say ye were going to advise me to drop this Royal Coachman just at the head of yon rock and let it float over to the lower side."

"Right you are," answered Patterson.

Dewar stripped off line and cast across the current to get the distance, and then shot out his fly.

"Good," said Patterson, and the same instant a three pound rainbow took the fly with a plop and was masterfully hooked.

"Ah, Mon, but this is great! Mon, but this is great," continually purred the Scotchman until Patterson slipped the net under the beauty. Then the dinner horn was heard and they tramped back over the trail.

Dewar, upon his arrival at the Moreland offices, reported to Mr. Willard. "Where's Patterson?" he asked.

"He's still on the Nipigon, as pretty a stream as ever gladdened the heart of any angler, but here's his answer and I leave this evening at five to deliver it to Mr. Moreland."

"Did Patterson in any way infer as to the contents of Mr. Moreland's letter?" asked Willard curiously.

"Not a word," answered Dewar.

The next morning Dewar met Moreland at breakfast and handed him Patterson's letter. When Moreland had read it he said, "All right."

"Anything else, sir?" asked Dewar.

"I said 'all right,'" thundered Moreland, and left the room.

The time elapsing between the delivery of Patterson's note and his arrival was short, but it seemed long to Moreland. He occasionally dug a few worms and started out rowing himself, but he never brought in but one fish and that was a four pound dog-fish. He thought it a bass and rather pompously brought it to the cook.

"Broil this bass for my dinner."

The cook gave it the once over and laughed outright.

"That isn't a bass, that's a common dog-fish and not fit to eat."

"He fought like hell anyway," said Moreland, and stamped out of the kitchen.

The morning Patterson was to arrive, Moreland walked along the trail leading to the station. When the stage came along he hailed it and got in.

"How are you, Mr. Moreland? I'm glad to be here," said Patterson.

"We'll delay further talk until we are alone," half commanded Moreland.

As soon as Patterson's luggage was unloaded, and it seemed that he had brought about all of his fishing outfit, Moreland invited him to his room.

"Robert, I want to get out of here just as quickly as I can. I want you to take me some place where we are sure to be alone. If you can find a place a hundred miles from a white man it will suit me best. You're right, there is a lot to this fishing game that I don't know and I want to get some place where I won't have to display my ignorance. I've made up my mind to learn to fish, but I won't have anybody around to see me do it. Get me! Now you take the rest of the day and figure out where to go. I don't want a white man around. You can hire all the Indians you want to, and the sky is the limit, as to the cost of the outfit. Now take this wire and fire it to the office."

John Moreland, Inc.,
Chicago, Ill.

If anyone inquires when I'm coming back or where I'm going, tell them you don't know.

John Moreland.

When Patterson left Moreland he spent two full hours by himself. At first it all seemed too good to be true.

"Well," he said to himself, "in the words of the old man, 'I'll be damned.'"

He planned out a trip, and then looked up Moreland. "Mr. Moreland, we are going into the wilds of a heretofore unrailroaded country. The Northern has just completed a temporary spur running into this region, but it is not yet open to the public."

"Good," answered Moreland, "I know all about it and own several thousand acres of uncut timber lands up there and I'd like to see the country."

"I intend to order our outfit by letter. It will take at least three days before it reaches St. Paul from where we will make our start. I'm going to take you at your word and order the rightest kind of an outfit, and that takes a stack of money."

"Good," answered Moreland, "And order me two of those $85.00 poles like yours."

Instinctively Patterson started to say "rods," but on second thought left it for another day.

"I haven't ordered any eighty-five dollar rods," he declared, "they cost seventy-five dollars."

"Little you know about it. That soft voiced gray haired old salesman told me that the price had gone up to eighty-five dollars."

"I wouldn't wonder, there's a great demand for fine fishing tackle since the war and the rod makers can't begin to fill orders," answered Patterson. "How many fish have you taken since you have been here?"

"Well, Doc and I had a big musky on, but we had bad luck with it, and I caught one bass," answered Moreland half apologetically. "The cook said it was a dog-fish, but I know better, because it gave me a good hard tussle. I hear a lot of talk in the hotel about the gameness of bass."

"Inch for inch, and ounce for ounce, the gamest fish that swims," declared Patterson. "What bait were you using?"

"A gob of worms and he swallowed them clean down to his tail. I couldn't get the hook out so I cut the line."

"The wrong way to fish. There isn't a bit of sense in permitting any fish to

pouch the bait and only an inexperienced fisherman does it. You must learn to strike your fish at the proper time and hook it in the mouth, so that you need not torture it in removing the hook."

"Hell, I didn't know I had him on until he started to pull."

"That's bad, too. A good fisherman is always on watch. Surely you have caught some perch and sunnies?"

"No, I haven't. I couldn't hook them. I got plenty of bites, but they only nibbled my hook bare."

"What size hook did you use?"

"Oh, it was a good strong hook," and Moreland took out his pencil and made a drawing of the size.

"No wonder," exclaimed Patterson. You were fishing with a hook just five sizes too large. Now, we have two days here before we start for St. Paul and suppose we spend them still fishing?"

"All right, go as far as you like, but let's not do it where the guests go. I can't endure having people watch me while I'm fishing."

The next morning by the time Moreland was ready for breakfast, Patterson had properly rigged up two perch outfits. Patterson at the oars, they went to a quiet bay and dropped the anchor. In no time they had a fine lot of perch.

"You're getting on famously," said Patterson, when he noticed the old man admiringly looking at the perch which half filled the creel.

"I want to learn to throw out one of those red and white lures some of the fishermen here use, but I won't run the chance of learning here."

"Yes, I think you're right, we had better delay our bait-casting lessons until we get into the north woods," answered Patterson.

"Do you think before this trip is over I'll be as good a fisherman as Strong? He tells me you have been giving him lessons."

"I don't know about that. Mr. Strong has been fishing for a few years you know and really wants to learn."

"Look here, Robert, John Moreland can do anything Walter Strong can do—now you watch and see. Never failed to do anything I wanted to do very much. I'm beginning to get that fishing bug the doctor talks about and I'm going to learn to be a good fisherman if it takes all summer."

"Fishermen aren't often made in one summer," answered Patterson.

"Well, here's one who is going to be the real thing. I've made a good start already and don't forget I caught the biggest perch in that basket."

(To be continued.)

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—Chicago News.

Published by Doubleday, Page and Co., New York, Price $1.75

A New Book by Dr. Van Dyke

"Companionable Books" (Scribner's & Sons. $2.00)—by Henry Van Dyke flows along with the companionability and friendliness of "Little Rivers" and "Fisherman's Luck." It is less like a book of essays than one of memoirs or intimate autobiographies. It occurs to me that had Dickens, Keats, Stevenson, George Eliot and each other subject of the essays, glimpsed the pages through spirit eyes, each had softly sighed: "How well he understands me."

It is as though for a long time you had been away from home, and the memory of many dear, beloved people and places had grown dim; then you met someone who knew them all and loved them even as you had done, one who knew more than you about them; all the lovable inconsistencies, the great tendernesses, the sacrifices, the noble thoughts, courageous decisions and brave deeds, one who knew even the gossip and the scandal and all those little things about them which had brought us laughter long ago.

Each essay has a charm all its particular own. One could not choose among them,—all the quaint, unquenchable people of Dickens' and Charles Dickens himself, the unquenchable and quaint; Thackeray—gentleman—and his characters as real to us as the folks down home; George Eliot, "a woman who wrote full-grown novels for men"; Keats, "the poet of immortal youth" who ever "kept alive his faith in the truth of beauty and the beauty of truth;" Wordsworth, with his problem to the last of "the recovery of joy—how to recover it after life's disappointments, how to deepen it amid life's illusions, how to secure it through life's trials, how to spread it among life's confusions"; Robert Browning, with his message of "the Glory of the Imperfect"; Izaak Walton, that "quaint comrade by quiet streams"; Samuel Johnson, that "sturdy believer"; Ralph Waldo Emerson, "A Puritan plus poetry," who "to the finest men and women of America in the mid-Victorian epoch" was "the intellectual awakener and liberator, the messenger calling upon them—to live freely in harmony with the laws of God and their spirit"; Stevenson, "an adventurer in a velvet jacket,"—"that good soldier who walked with death undismayed."

The first two essays "The Book of Books" and "Poetry in the Psalms" are Dr. Van Dyke, the scholar and eminent divine at his very best. Of the Bible, that most companionable book of all, he writes: "No man is poor or desolate who has this treasure for his own."

Marguerite Ives.

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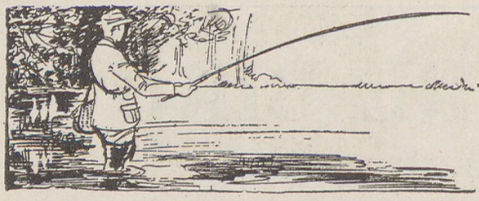

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Sea Angling

(Continued from page 87)

scarcity of fish in inshore waters adjacent to centers of population, but that the chief cause for this scarcity, is **pollution** by oil dumped from oil burning steamers, and by sewage, and waste from industrial plants.

Certain it is, that the desires of the sportsman and of the commercial fisherman are identical, though the spirit which animates them may be widely at variance. Why not then meet, and discuss the problems which confront us, and arriving at the proper solution, by joint endeavor bring about legislation which will be beneficial to the marine life of the Atlantic coast, and which may eventually restore inshore conditions to that state where "a feller may again snag a mess of fish in an hour or so." Better this, certainly, than the worse than useless damning and vilifying, which has gone on between us, and which has served only to antagonize those legislative bodies before which we have made our appeals.

What I have written applies only to pelagic fishes. The striped bass, and others among the anadromous fishes, offer another problem, which I believe may be solved only by placing a limit upon size, and for a term of years, making it illegal to offer these fish for sale. I have seen a group of seiners take five hundred pounds of striped bass, running from two to ten pounds in weight, at a single haul. Likewise, I have an acquaintance who boasts of having captured over eight thousand school bass, under two pounds in weight, during the season of 1921. The fact that these latter fish were taken on cotton thread, in a sportsmanlike manner, may or may not nullify the offense. The additional fact that this acquaintance is a professional guide, may also help to excuse the act, though I doubt it.

From the porch of my studio I can dangle a line in the waters of a rippling lake, and the sunnies and perch come to my baited hook. Ten years ago, so they tell me, this lake was famed for its bass and pickerel fishing. Now the bass are gone, and a pickerel of any size is a curiosity. At the head of one branch of this lake is a rendering plant, and on the main branch certain property owners allow the seepage from their cess pools to foul its waters. Also the motor boats ply back and forth. As there are no market fishermen in the vicinity, the natives merely jump up and down, and cuss their luck, and talk about the good old days, "when a feller etc."

Those among us who are able to let business go hang for several days at a time, and hike to isolated points along our coast, or put ten to twenty miles to sea in a surf boat, are reasonably sure of at least a fair catch of fish, though, even here, our destinies are much in control of wind and tide, and water temperature. But for the sea angler, who must perforce wet his line at points close to great industrial centers, there is hope only in such legislative measures as will put an end to pollution, and in bringing home to the commercial fisherman the act that laws which will be of benefit to the sportsman, will prove of equal benefit to him.

In the past there has been too much talk, too little action. Too much theorizing, too little research. Too much sentimentality, too little sentiment. Too much vilifying, too little of the get together spirit. Concerted action, backed up by facts, this is our only hope if we are to bring back those good old days, "when a feller," but I mentioned that before.

Do not mistake me. I make no plea for the commercial fisherman, nor is my plea entirely for the angler who fishes for sport. More than once I have seen boatloads of fish dumped into the sea, when the market was flooded, and I have seen immature fish shipped at a couple of cents per pound, which in a years time would have developed sufficiently to have made them of value to the consumer and to the angler, alike. Yet for every crime committed by the market fisherman, there is one equally deplorable to lay at the door of the so called, sportsman angler. It is not unusual, at southern resorts, to see hundreds of pounds of edible fish dumped from the docks, each day, and more than once, after a good run of fish, I have seen the beach strewn with carcases, left to rot by the surf angler. Aye, and I know men who call it sport to throw a harpoon into the body of a harmless and interesting creature of the deep, and who call it sport to follow him in his death struggles. No, the angler who fishes for pleasure, is not always a sportsman. The written law, and the unwritten law of decency and good sportsmanship. These are for the other fellow. Zane Grey said, "Sportsmen as a mass are hypocrites, and are blind to the hand-writing on the wall."

I have followed our eastern coastline from Maine to Key West. I have seen the pound nets reaching mile after mile, and when the pound nets were lost to sight, there were the trawlers, and the hand liners at work. I have seen woeful waste and greed, and short sightedness among the commercial fishermen, and among the sportsmen, and my heart has ached. But this is sentimentality. This is not the brand of argument that will move our legislative bodies. Hard, concrete, irrefutable facts. This is our hope, and our only hope to better our inshore fishing. So I say, **let us get together, you who fish for profit, and we who fish for sport. Let us collect our testimony,** and marshalling our forces like good generals, in the name of The Izaac Walton League of America, **let us fight,** fight like hell.

Barbless—Even for Bait

(Continued from page 100)

finny tribe has ever come to my attention which so thoroughly represents the spirit of true sportsmanship.

I am thoroughly sold on the barbless hook and I know that it has come to stay. As clean sportsmanship takes the place of the low unprincipled, unsportsmanlike methods, the use of the barbless hook will increase until we know of no other variety.

"Kindly let me know where and how I may obtain a supply of these, the most sportsmanlike baits I have ever known."

MR. PRESTON BRADLEY, of Chicago the eminent divine, and one of the most eloquent speakers in America, is an enthusiastic member of the Izaak Walton League, semi-officially its Bishop.

Dr. Bradley in a recent speech in Detroit, where a thousand sportsmen arose and joined the Izaak Walton League in a body, said that he had vowed never to fish again with anything but a barbless hook.

Dr. Bradley is loud in his praises of the barbless hook. He writes: "The barbless hook adds yet another delightful thrill to angling. It reminds me strongly of those words in Scripture—'Wise as serpents and harmless as doves.' It seems to me that Father Izaak Walton hovers above me as I write, wishing that he could also commend to the followers of his beloved 'gentle art' the use of tactics so without a fault." (Continued on next page.)

MR. GEORGE M. GOETZ of Versailles, Ohio, is a member of the League and writes of his interest in our barbless hook crusade. He writes: "I have used barbless hooks for many years. When I was a boy living in Lexington, Kentucky, I used to go fishing in the Elk Horn River and there I met Mr. John Wilk, who was a bait caster and used the barbless hook. He taught me how to cast and gave me many sermons on the use of barbless hooks. As to double and treble hooks, he assured me that they could not be used with honor by any southern gentleman."

Pollution

(Continued from page 89)

shipping and the fishing industry, and he calls for international action against the nuisance. Petroleum oil, he says, is composed largely of a mixture of paraffins, which are very stable and not acted upon under ordinary circumstances by strong acids or alkalis, by prolonged contact with water and sunlight, or apparently, even by a few bacteria. We read further.

"The consequence is that oil thrown upon the sea is not destroyed by natural causes, as is the case with most refuse organic matter, but remains floating on the surface, entirely unaffected for an almost indefinite period and the steadily increasing accumulation is found, sooner or later, to have a very serious effect. It is for this reason that oil-wells devastate the country for miles around, covering everything with a film of foul-smelling oil and destroying all vegetation.

"The result on bird life is very marked, and countless numbers of sea birds are being killed through their plumage becoming coated with oil so that they are unable to fly. Harbors are becoming so foul that there is actually danger of the oil on the water igniting and setting fire to ships. Instances have been given of bathers being covered with a filthy mass of oil residue.

"The most serious aspect of the question is that of the effect on the fishing industry. Apart from the fact of the actual damage to fishermen's nets and the ruin of fishing areas near the shores, there is every possibility that the film of oil spreading far and wide on the surface of the sea will kill the spawn of fish with eventually disastrous results to the fishing industry and the food supply. The oil is certainly affecting the oyster-beds and a large number of fish are being killed round the coast through eating oil-invested vegetation.

"It is true that the British ministry is trying to pass the Oil in Navigable Waters Bill, which embodies the agreed opinions of the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Transport, various oil companies, the Chamber of Shipping and the Dock and Harbor Association and which provides for improved supervision and for greatly increased penalties for discharging oil from ships into British territorial waters. But what is really required is international action. The British Government has no jurisdiction outside the three-mile limit, so that there is nothing to prevent the reckless discharge of oil on the high seas, all of which remains drifting about indefinitely and increasing the menace."

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The Hoodooed Pool

(Continued from page 110)

the tip in its place, I saw something not unlike a huge black sock strike in shallow water almost between the boots of my friend. I struck instinctively and immediately was fast, as the first jump showed, to grandfather! Oh! that I had not made that strike! There I was, picture, with a useless rod in one hand and a still more useless tip in the other, that threatened at any moment to become converted into a lover's knot. My line, in order to work well with the rod, was heavy and the leader was of a corresponding size; unfortunately for the bass and fortunately for the safety of my favorite spinner, Grandfather hied himself to a convenient rock and then I woke up! I succeeded before he became firmly lodged in prying him loose by the hand line method. I kept him going in my direction and he came, let me tell you, in leaps and bounds until I beached him, still fighting with the red of battle in his eyes. His back fin was badly injured and his sides were bruised by the rocks in that short, mad fight, half in and half out of the water. It was doubtful if he could live and I had to keep him. Did I exult? Four pounds of small mouth is some fish for those waters; but unspeakable sadness gripped my heart! Oh! the tragedy of the moment when I saw him strike. I had realized that I might save my tackle, but my dreams were shattered. My idol became a thing of clay. Why? Oh! why did those waters prompt him to strike on that unfortunate cast? Why could it not have been on the next one, when on a giving rod he could have gone down to glorious defeat or gained a victory? Not on a well-placed cast did I hook him and neither did he force me and a bending rod to give ground to his rushes as he fought and broke through deep water. The ignominy of that moment when I landed him will never be tempered with humor and will ever remain a scar on my memory of that fascinating pool!

This magazine at $1.00 per year is a gift—subscribe NOW.

Mac—

By Travers D. Carman

(Continued from page 97)

gunners came up, and in response to a noise of a branch purposely broken by one of the hunters, the quail got up. Somewhat rattled, the invited guest shot his right barrel as he was bringing his gun to his shoulder and the second barrel at a bird that had already started to fall as a result of the master's first shot.

The guest plainly showed his irritation over his obviously premature first shot, and remarked with emphasis that he was glad he had scored with his "left." His companion looked amused and dryly remarked, "Suppose we leave it to Mac as to who shot the bird," and the faithful dog proudly and promptly retrieved it to his master in no uncertain manner.

The guest was man enough to accept the dog's apparent rebuke, apologized handsomely, and later told his friends: "Mac made me feel like the tin-horn sport that I was, and taught me what a game-hog I have been."

A Remarkable Point

Mac's staunchness on point was early indicated, but soon became developed to a remarkable degree. The spring following his third hunting season he discovered after breakfast one morning an English snipe in the open meadow behind the barn. Wild as the English snipe usually are, this particular bird evidently was wing-weary from a long flight the night before, and to the delight of Mac did not flush. Carefully working up to the bird, he came to point, nostrils dilated and eyes blazing in his excitement. The head gardener reported the fact that Mac was pointing "one of them snipes, sir, on the north meadow, sir." The master, absorbed in the writing of an important article, dismissed the gardener with a word of thanks and promptly forgot Mac and the snipe. At twelve o'clock, upon coming down to his early luncheon, the master's housekeeper, with ill-concealed rebuke in her voice, said: "The gardener, sir, says as how Mac's still a-pointing, sir, in the north meadow—he's been that way since nine this mornin', he says." Conscience-smitten, the master grabbed his gun and a shell or two, and was soon striding up behind the faithful setter. At his spoken "Good dog" Mac's tail "broke point" for a moment in a joyous wag of welcome, and the dog once more became a statue of stone. The bird, flushed by the disturbance, started upon its erratic, zigzag course, to fall forty yards away at the first shot, and was duly retrieved with dignity; but the reaction from the long strain under which Mac had suffered all morning was too much for him, and with grown-up manners cast to the four winds, he barked and capered about his master in all the abandonment of his joy and relief. I believe it was from that moment that his master realized that Mac was destined to become a truly great dog.

Mac Takes a Trip

That summer his education was enlarged by a most interesting and at times dismaying trip to a farm on Long Island owned by his master's father. The arrival of the puffing engine at the station, the dog's abrupt introduction into the baggage car, and the jerk of the train as it started, struck terror to his stalwart heart. Had it not been for the presence of a blase bulldog, who eyed him with amused scorn from the further end of the car, poor Mac would have howled. Appeasing his own outraged feelings with a low whine of self-pity, he managed meanwhile to glare insultingly back at the bulldog and grudgingly settled himself with the philosophy of a stoic for whatever fate the trip had in store. Recovering his poise by the time the ferry was reached, and fortified by a wonderful ham sandwich, he succeeded without effort in walking, stiff-legged and with back hair bristling ferociously, in front of a panic-stricken sky-terrier that a woman had hastily taken up in her arms at his approach.

The journey ended, Mac, whose fame had preceded him, was welcomed as the guest of honor, and condescendingly accepted the homage given him. To his master alone did he show plainly that he was only putting on airs and enjoying the situation to its uttermost.

Lonely Days

And then strange days befell Mac and all was not well with him. There arrived at the farm a beautiful lady, soft of voice, kind of eye, who reminded Mac in some vague way of sweet clover in blossom. And what was more worthy of observation, his master appeared pleased with her, and as the friendship ripened, spent hours at a time in her company on long walks lasting into the afterglow of the day. At such times the dog, seeking to please his master and secure his favor, searched most diligently for quail, without in any way securing the attention he so deeply craved, and his heart ached. Yet the bigness of the dog showed in his attitude to the girl his master honored. In spite of the jealousy arising from his master's strange neglect of him through devotion to the lady, he loyally extended his friendship to one who found favor in his master's eye. It was well that it was so, for dire days, full of sorrow, soon befell Mac. His master was obliged to remain in town throughout each week, leaving him on the farm to await with ill-concealed impatience his arrival each week-end. Through the lonely days to be endured during his master's absence he was wont to go forlornly up to his master's room and there lie down upon some discarded coat his master had worn, indifferent to the possible delights each day had to offer, yearning only for the one he loved. It was there, lying on his master's coat, that the lady found him, and in time, as they grew to understand the bond between them, the dog was persuaded to leave his sanctuary and seek comfort in the presence of his master's lady. The two soon became inseparable, and waited, each with a love that few men are worthy to inspire, the return of the absent one, vying each with the other in the welcome extended to him upon his arrival.

Now it came about that the wonderful lady was greatly embarrassed upon one occasion by the dog's keen nose. Returning from town one mid-week day, she was greeted by the family assembled, who soon were seeking without success to conceal their amusement over the discovery of a profound secret that Mac so ingenuously made apparent to all. The lady had that day, as ladies will forever and a day, met, without undue publicity, the man of her heart and choosing. And what is more, horror of great horrors, had lunched with him unbeknown to his family, and, shocking as it may seem, had even walked in Central Park with him after the luncheon.

The fullness of the skirts in the courting days of yesterday made the contact of skirts and trousers well-nigh unavoidable for those who walked and talked of things most intimate each to the other. The dog had discovered, in the presence of the master's family, the scent of his master on the hem of the wonderful lady's skirts. With a low whine of heart-hungry longing, Mac capered about her, sniffing her skirts in ecstasy, until the mother, with a teasing smile, said, "Daughter of mine to be, Mac confirms your guilty though becoming blushes. How is that son of mine?"

The years rolled on until we come to the latter days of Mac's life, in which he performed an act of love and heroism that inspires even to-day the master's children, now grown, with a memory of great reverence for the dog who taught all with whom he came in contact a mighty lesson in loyalty, devotion, and service.

A Tragedy With a Happy Ending

A baby girl arrived to bless his master and mistress, and, although regarded at first by old Mac with suspicion, was soon accepted by him as a responsibility that he must assume. Plague him as she might, he patiently suffered her baby attentions with no sign of protest or annoyance. It was well-nigh a daily sight, and the fitting end of a strenuous afternoon of baby play, to find the little lady fast asleep with her head on Mac's stomach and the dog not daring to move lest he disturb his charge, diplomatically feigning sleep until a member of the family appeared to relieve the faithful nurse. And then came a tragic day. The little lady had disappeared, no one knew where; night was approaching, and the chill of the fall evenings made exposure at night for a youngster of three fatal beyond doubt. Mac had followed the carriage to the station to welcome his master from the city, and therefore offered no comforting thought of the possibility of his having wandered off with the child to protect it from harm. House, barn, carriage-house, and grounds had been frantically searched. Mother, gardeners, and housekeeper were wild with terror and awaited heart-broken the return and help of the father. Grasping the situation upon his arrival, he instinctively called Mac to him, who seemed to sense the terror that was upon them all. Reminded, at thought of him, of Mac's wonderful nose that had never failed him in the hunting-field, the master caught up a little jacket belonging to his daughter. Holding it out for the dog to see and smell, he said, "Go find her, Mac!" With an eager whine the dog was off to search the familiar parts of the estate where dog and girl had been accustomed to play. Some distance from the house, he suddenly raised his head, stood motionless for a moment sniffing the air, and then with nose near the ground he unhesitatingly fol-

lowed a trail that led off back of the barn and along an old pasture road. Stopping uncertainly at a stone wall, the dog again picked up the trail, which led into the dark of the woods near by. Stumbling on as best he could, the stricken father heard at last the wild barking of Mac, a mile away, deep in the tangle of the thick woods. And there the little lady was found, Mac licking her tear-stained face and barking with all his might in his joy at finding the maiden bold, who had wandered off to catch the sunset that the forest hid from view each night.

Another winter passed, with Mac's advancing years foretelling the end. Rejoicing in the arrival of early summer's warmth and sunshine, he sought the comfort of his favorite spot beneath the hydrangea bushes, and there asleep he peacefully crossed the great divide into the happy hunting-grounds beyond. There too he was buried with a headstone marking the grave, and inscribed upon it were the words: "Mac, a dog with heart and soul, a mighty hunter, beloved by those whose lives he shared and held in honored memory by his master whom he served so faithfully."

Anti-Pistol Legislation

(Continued from page 105)

revolver, but if he can find no place in the whole United States to purchase such a weapon, he has merely to cross the border in a thousand places to find his desires. The one result of any law forbidding, either directly or indirectly, the ownership of a defensive weapon by the citizen would be to make the criminal twice armed by the absolute knowledge of his victim's inability to defend himself. The only reason for the existence of the revolver is its value as a defensive weapon at short range, and were it not ideal for such purpose of defense it would have been discarded long ago. Forbid the citizen the weapon of defense and you put him at the mercy of the criminal. The only method of preventing crime by the use of revolvers is to prohibit their manufacture throughout the world, and in that case our criminally inclined could revert to the methods of Cain.

Our reformer friends claim that the criminal should be punished by the police and not by the forty-five slug from the revolver of an outraged citizen. How many men would it take to protect the twenty million or more homes of this country in case their protection were left entirely to a police force? Must your wife be accompanied by an officer of the law on each occasion she travels along a lonely road, and must you employ a policeman as a body guard when you must be out late at night? Who can explain why it is that in New York State where the ownership of a revolver is forbidden and the police most active there are so many crimes committed.

Possibly you may think this anti-pistol crusade a matter of little moment, but Ye Scribe a few minutes ago picked up The World, of New York City, and in the editorial columns (August 13, 1922) sees an editorial called "Why Not Punish Crime Instead?" In this article it states that the Committee on Law Enforcement of the American Bar Association suggests "the manufacture and sale of pistols except for Government and official use be prohibited." The editor of the World suggests, as can be seen from the title of the editorial, that the lawyers turn their attention rather to the punishment of crime with "certainty and celerity," and furthermore states that "they (the Bar Association) will accomplish nothing by adding pistols to the bootlegger's stock in trade."

Now, Ye Scribe does not owe any revolver or pistol manufacturer a red cent, nor does he know any of their relatives, but it seems to him that if we want to decrease and prevent crime in our country, we might better advocate the arming of the reputable citizen and the subsequent passing out of a few criminally inclined than disarm a whole nation and make the citizen a potential victim of any lawless person. To prohibit the manufacture of pistols to decrease crime must be followed by a law prohibiting the manufacture of automobiles for the same reason, for if we read the newspapers we find that this agent for locomotion is almost invariably employed by the criminal. Having done this, we must then prohibit the manufacture of knives, almost any article of iron or steel, and even the growing of trees from which clubs must be cut! Think it over, Brother Sportsmen, and when the measure comes up again in your State or in Congress, sit down and let our lawmakers know YOUR opinion.

Concerning That Big One

(Continued from page 105)

having been given the world. There was a noticeable decrease in the amount of plowing, harrowing and other such jobs, as the local fishermen started on expeditions after the supposedly big fellow. Fishing on the river received a sudden stimulus, to say the least.

It was undoubtedly the story of the fish and resultant preparations for battle that galvanized the Brother-in-law into unusual action. Tearing himself out of a philosophic calmness that had defied every attempt made upon it, he purchased some bait, borrowed a boat and anchored himself at the foot of the rapids in the eddy. Some few hours later he returned with a few bass ranging in size from a half pound to a pound for the largest, and raving (at first attributed to a slight touch of the sun) about "not only catching bass, but also some fishing tackle," when HE went fishing!

Merely a glance showed the cause of his peculiar remarks. Streaming from the mouth of the largest bass, of maybe a pound in weight, was five feet of tapered leader, and a closer inspection disclosed a Professor bass fly and trout spoon imbedded in the mouth of the fish. For some unknown reason the "monster bass" of the rapids, who should by all the laws of fish nature have been busily engaged in attempting to get rid of annoying impediment in fish speech, had descended to the eddy and was apparently unaware of such trifling annoyance as a few feet of leader and fly attached to his person. In the course of the descent through the rapids the bass had apparently lost at least three pounds, if not more, of weight.

Up to this time the story has gone untold—the Brother-in-law having been bribed to forget about his catch, but the joke is too good to keep, and the moral too obvious. Just remember that there are few warriors of the squared ring with grey in their hair, few men of forty or more that could even pass a physical examination, and then conclude when you lose a fish that it wasn't because you had tied onto an Alderman of the bass family, but a young and vigorous Benny Leonard of small-mouths. That old saw about "the biggest fish always get away" must fall by the wayside, and the angler himself must take the blame when he loses a fish rather than slandering a lazy Grandfather bass, too old and feeble to do more than eat and stay alive.

—and STUBBY was there!

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The Meat Getters

(Continued from page 109)

needs the meat; but the other type is just a common fish hog, who has no consideration for anybody but himself, and boasts about it to make matters worse.

I do not think it is necessary to inform the readers of this thesis why trout can be taken so easily with bait. An artificial minnow, or a spoon fished properly, is almost as deadly as a stick of giant powder, but fortunately for us, most spooners don't know how to fish a spoon in a stream the way it should be fished; and whenever I do meet up with a spooner, if he asks for information, I am not a bit backward about telling him the wrong thing.

Nothing pleases me more than to see a man get his spoon solidly attached to a good heavy snag, when he cannot possibly get it loose.

That may be a rather narrow spirit to view things in, but as I never go out until the water is in good condition for fly-fishing, I dislike extremely to have my enjoyment constantly destroyed by these persistent meat getters.

Does fishing for trout come within the scope of an economic method of obtaining food; or is it to be regarded as a sport or recreation?

If the former, the sooner and quicker we shoot all our streams and get the meat to the people the better, but if the latter, then any method that will ensure a fair head of fish, and fish that are quite capable of looking after themselves the better it will be for future generations of American Anglers.

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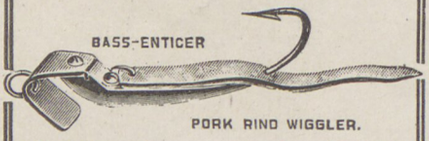
Bass-Enticers



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A Page from a Mountain Lover's Log

(The Outdoor Woman Department) By BETTY RICHARDS

REAL plains, where you look about you and nothing can be seen except—Oh! everything worth while!—the sky and rolling plains, cattle, sage brush, cactus, birds, prairie dogs, rabbits and glorious mountains so far in the distance that they seem to be big, huge pillows for sky and earth to rest their heads on together; the water holes, where a chain of them lie head on tail from the highlands to the lowlands; where cattle are wiser and not so lazy as we poor mortals, for they go to the higher holes first and thereby conserve their water sources as long as possible for the hot, dry, deathdealing days.

The prairie dogs scamper to their "front porches" and stand right up and eye you with the very wisest of meins. Then when you shoot and miss them, they quiver all over with excitement and fairly dare you, the wicked little tempters.

Then a steak fried over a "Buffalo chip" fire which sends forth a most mystic, entrancing, imaginative odor that sends one's mind back to the days when to cross these same plains with horse and cart showed a real Voortrekker spirit. The sun shining behind the mountains reflects the soft color of the inside of a seashell; then the clouds grow ominous and threatening.

A stop for dinner beside the mountain stream. We watch it play tempestuously with the rocks as it cavorts on its merry way—yes! it seems merry now, but it quite changes before the lapse of many hours, for the rain begins to fall; from rain to hail, and the streamlet becomes a river rushing pell-mell over itself, when it becomes a treacherous thing, for it seems to reach out and try to encompass all within reach. And then we scurry for the cars.

Again on our way, soon the voluptuous hills, which had seemed a short time previous a far off lovely picture, become a surrounding actuality. A trout stream calls and we disembark, following its curves a mile or two on foot; then, oh! a strike—ding it!—it was as long as that and got away!

I must jump across the stream now and, of course, I make it in two leaps, and being by no means of slight build, I bring part of the other bank down with me and land up to my knees in ice-cold mountain water! Never mind, the fish are still striking. So on we go, and I bring back four beauties—two speckled and two rainbow trout.

Fisherman: "Are you the warden here?"

Warden: "Yes, sir."

Fisherman: "Would it be a crime if I caught a fish in this lake?"

Warden: "No, 'twould be a miracle."

—From the Edinburgh Scotsman.

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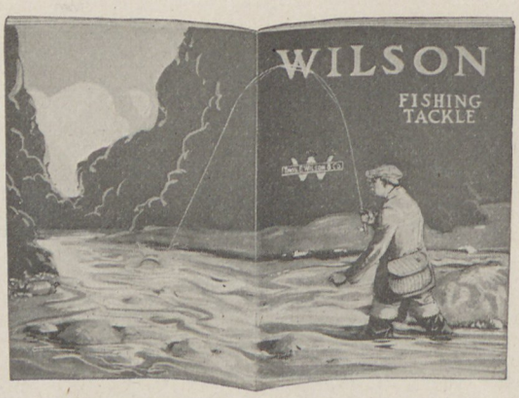

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Fish and Game Laws to be Discussed at First National Convention

1. To promote by precept and example the highest ideals in angling, so that it may be rightfully called the blameless sport. To increase fellowship among fishermen and to band them together into a fraternal and militant organization whereby they may lay the foundation for the preservation of game fishes forever.

2. To advocate the use of appropriately light tackle and to teach that there is no credit due the angler who fishes for little fish with heavy rods and lines. To award buttons, medals and prizes to anglers for notable exploits with rod and line by members of the League for signal achievements so that fair tackle may become more generally used.

3. To cause proper literature to be written and to be circulated so that the public may be educated to know that the true fisherman "feels like a gentleman and acts like a sportsman."

4. To awaken the public to the need of better fish and game laws so that it may realize its duty of voting for candidates who have before the election announced their support of measures which will advance fish propagation, fish preservation and protective measures for wild game. To champion such laws before legislative bodies so that legislators may know the wishes of the anglers and sportsmen of the state and of the nation.

5. To promote the movement for federal control of the lakes and streams of the country to every extent possible under the Constitution.

6. To aid and support those who are already advocating the extension of the United States police powers to cover the control of inland waters as a health measure and to follow in letter and in spirit the resolutions passed at the fifty-first annual session of the American Fisheries Society in September, 1921, as to the pollution of streams.

7. To advocate strongly the increase from $100 to $5,000 of the federal fine for the pollution of streams; thus making it expensive for industries to pollute the waters of our country.

8. To devote every energy toward education those who live in remote places and to show them the folly of "killing the goose that lays the golden egg" by the lawless use of seines, dynamite and other destructive agents.

9. To increase the establishment of federal and state hatcheries.

10. To adopt the sane recommendations of zoologists, who advise the critical need of building a sufficient number of biological experiment stations, both by the federal government and the states, so that the aid of scientifically trained men may be always available to pass upon the natural conditions of waters so that only the proper species of fish may be planted therein.

11. To advocate before legislators and leading state and national officials the urgent need of planting fish of sufficient size to permit their survival and to stop the present woeful and costly waste of planting fry too small to survive.

12. To advocate drastic punishment for those guilty of taking fish from their spawning beds. And to arouse public sentiment against the ruthless ways of the fish hog and to make the penalty heavier for breaking of the legal limit.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS

IT was and is our intention to get this magazine in the mail on the fifteenth of each month. Press and mechanical conditions, coupled with the unprecedented growth of the magazine, have delayed us each month, especially with our October issue, which will reach you only a few days before November.

To issue the November number according to schedule so that it would reach you by the fifteenth of November would necessitate our going to press at once. Therefore, it has been decided, after careful thought, that the next issue will reach you on December fifteenth and on the fifteenth of every month thereafter. This will in no way effect our subscribers receiving twelve issues for their dollar. It merely gives us time to mechanically adhere to a regular fixed schedule.

The next issue of our magazine will excel any outdoor magazine ever printed in America because of the famed writers who will contribute to it. In addition, many of the great artists in America will illustrate our stories. These famous artists are all members of the Izaak Walton League of America and want to help this great cause and their illustrations will be made for us without cost. This means that our magazine will be illustrated by artists whose work you have seen in the Saturday Evening Post and other nationally famed magazines. To give these artists sufficient time to make these illustrations, we must give them thirty days in advance to prepare drawings and paintings. This is another important reason why it has been considered best to delay our next issue until December fifteenth.

This magazine at $1.00 per year is a gift—subscribe NOW.

CHICAGO AND NORTH WESTERN LINE

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This palatial terminal represents the latest step in perfection of travel comfort.

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Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water, then moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily, and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store. It is very cheap and a few ounces is enough to last every one in the family for months. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified. Ad...

We confiden[illegible] believe-

—that the [illegible]eddon is producing [illegible]Bait Casting Reels ma[illegible] world today.

THIS *statement* [illegible] *e in pride, arrogance nor zeal for comme[illegible]cement. It is an unemotional declaration [illegible] inner conviction. If the fact as we see it [illegible]re modestly or more becomingly stated, [illegible]s in our failure of fitting expression and no[illegible]nt.*

WE believe this [illegible] cause of our [illegible]f materials and proce[illegible] by us and by others.

—*because* not a single operation is accomplished by automatic machinery where it can be the better done by hand processes, no matter how much the additional productive expense.

—*because* the low-priced reels on the market must necessarily be made from comparatively soft metals, adaptable to production on automatic machines, which materials or processes we do not employ.

—*because* our designs and methods were established by Wm. Carter, Sr., and Jack Welch with a corps of long-trained expert reel makers. These two men are unquestionab[illegible]e world's foremost craf[illegible]n of the highest realizat[illegible]g.

—*because* supp[illegible]d the i[illegible] of these two experts, is the ever-present Heddon spirit to "do it as well as it can be done."

—*because* many of America's most skilled tournament bait casters and anglers, possessed of the highest ideals, both as to their tackle and ethics of sportsmanship, tell their friends and tell us that Heddon Reels are the best made in the world today.

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For the same reason the m cheap Reels cannot prod HEDDON QUALITY REE

Packards and Fords car produced from the same ma —by the same processes— same superintendency or same class of workers.

The maker regularly orga produce cheap reels may b a superficially ornamente uct, and ask a high price fo fundamentally we hold th such sources it cannot be inely high grade reel. It r flect the same lower standa less refined principles that in its place of manufactur

We confess we do not att produce a cheap reel, no wish our workmen to le to produce one. "The *bes* the cheapest way," is th principle from which the factory allows no departu

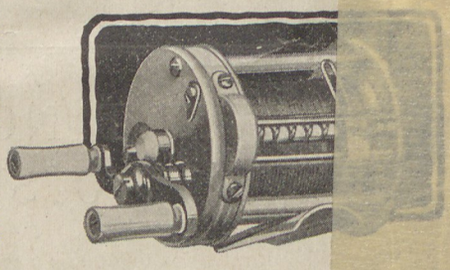
William Stanley

the world famous bait caster of Chicago, who has held more consistently than any other man, the highest honors in casting, writes us—

Sept. 19, 1922

"In my judgment, your line of Heddon Reels represents the highest attainments and ideals in Reel production now on the market and as you know, I use the Heddon Tournament Reels almost exclusively.

"I give you this testimonial as an honest expression of my judgment and because I believe the character of your production entitles you to it." WILLIAM STANLEY



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And compare the new Heddon 3-35 Level Winding Reel with any other reel of similar purpose. Note its wonderful ease of operation—about two to one over any other Level Winding Reel. Observe its handsome design and compactness, without sacrifice of line capacity, its quietness, its [illegible] of operation. Like other Heddon reels, it is built of [illegible] ened materials and with that exacting workman[illegible] given proper care in the user's hands, make this b[illegible] the long-lasting, true companion of the discrimina[illegible]

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